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THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

TO-MORROW the elections are to be held to fill up the vacant seats in the French Assembly, and immediately after the elections are over the Assembly is to adjourn for three months; so that M. THIERS, if he secures, as he is almost sure to do, an increased number of trustworthy supporters, will be in a very comfortable position, and will be free to govern much as he pleases in the next quarter of the year. There is, indeed, scarcely any determined opposition to him and his Government threatened in the statements of opinion that have been issued in various quarters on the eve of the elections. Legitimists, Orleanists, and Republicans all agree in thinking him indispensable, and in expressing the utmost temporary confidence in him and his measures. Only in one quarter of importance is there open hostility. The Imperialists will have nothing to do with him. In their eyes M. THIERS is a mere interloper, invading the province of the lawful ruler of France. Plébiscites are all in all to them, and the numerous plébiscites recognising the Empire have never been abrogated. They, therefore, do all they possibly can to overthrow the Government of those who have ventured to step into the place of their master. They do not think it worth their while to proceed by the indirect path of gaining seats in the Assembly, so as to advocate their views in that body. M. ROUBER probably will be returned, and M. HAUSMANN offers himself to the Parisians, professing to be indifferent to forms of government, and only inviting them to ask themselves seriously whether it is not much better to be under the guidance of a man who builds new houses in Paris than of men who burn those that have been built. But, as a body, the Imperialists hold aloof from the elections, and strive to win over France to their own programme. In the provinces they are said to be indefatigable, and appeal to the peasants and the priests to bear in mind who it was that for twenty years took the repairing and beautifying of the churches of rural France under his especial charge. The more educated classes have been addressed in an elaborate manifesto issued by Duke PERSIGNY. He does not mince matters in the least. He takes his stand on the primary doctrines of Imperialism. France is totally unfitted for Parliamentary institutions, does not understand them, and does not care for them. What France really wants and really likes is a powerful monarch who will guess and carry out the national wishes. Duke PERSIGNY, it must be said, is thoroughly consistent, and was honestly opposed to the measures of comparative Liberalism by which the EMPEROR in the later years of his reign violated the true theory of Imperialism. And it is obvious that he is so far right, and that if France wants the EMPEROR at all, it cannot want him as the head of a Parliamentary Government. In order, however, to comfort his countrymen with the thought that this need of an all-powerful Executive is no discredit to them, and is not a peculiar failing of the Latin races, Duke PERSIGNY takes up a crotchet broached some little time ago by the EMPEROR, and contends that if Imperialism is a departure from the political system of England, and of the countries that have borrowed English institutions, it is thoroughly in harmony with the institutions of the United States. As a paradox the notion is not a bad one, and Duke PERSIGNY knows his country well enough to calculate how far he may rely on their total ignorance of the correct history of foreign countries.

The two Unions of the Paris press have put forward the lists of their respective candidates. The Parisian Union has made a selection which, so far as foreigners can judge, combines the names of men of the utmost respectability and, with a few exceptions, of safe mediocrity, while reli-

gious toleration is ostentatiously guaranteed by the nomination of a Protestant pastor on one hand and a Catholic dignitary on the other. The managers of the Republican Union have done their best to get together a list of men on whom they can rely, and yet have been compelled to terrify the Parisians as possible. To the Communists both lists would probably be unacceptable, but the Communists happen to be under a peculiar difficulty. In order to vote, they must come out of the safety of the obscure retreats where they may hope to be overlooked, and if they present themselves at the polling-places, they run the chance of being recognised and arrested. The probability is, therefore, that at Paris, as elsewhere, the elections will go greatly in favour of the Government. But it is impossible not to apprehend that, however much Paris in its present state of languor and depression may favour those who will at least give it external peace and order, it will some day have a quarrel with the Government of M. THIERS, or with the Government of his successors, that will not be very readily adjusted. The control of the Government over Paris is to be made more absolute at the very moment when the provincial administration is to be made more independent of the central authority. Two projects for the municipal government of France await discussion in the Assembly, and it is instructive to note the different spirit in which they have been conceived. M. LÉON SAY, the new Prefect of the Seine, proposes that the Prefect should have the absolute direction of the special affairs of the several arrondissements, and that there should be two mayors, one for police and one for municipal affairs, and twenty-two Sub-Prefects, to be appointed by the Government and responsible only to the Prefect, while the town would be allowed to have no other voice in the management of its affairs than would be furnished by the appointment of a municipal delegate in each Mairie. Paris, in fact, would be under the absolute control of the Government for the time being, and whatever irritation this might in time cause when the first memory of the excesses of the Communists has passed away would be necessarily aggravated by the very striking contrast exhibited in the provinces. The Commission appointed to report on the future government of the Departments recommends that in those favoured rural districts the Prefects should be subordinate to the Councils-General, who are to be empowered to manage their own local affairs without reference to the Minister of the Interior. The Prefects are, except as to certain specified portions of their powers, to act as the executive officers, not of the Minister of the Interior, but of the Councils-General. It is impossible that in process of time Paris should not feel the humiliation of this contrast, and the result of the present elections cannot, therefore, be taken as an index of the future attitude which the Parisians of even the orderly and timid class will maintain towards the Government that thus registers their inferiority to the provincials whom they lately so much despised.

One candidate whose name is sufficiently notorious has come forward, neither exactly opposed to the Government nor supporting it. M. GAMBETTA has decided to stand for Paris. He resigned his seat when the Assembly left Bordeaux, as it had, he thought, done its work, and he disapproved of the Treaty of Peace. His candidature seems to have taken his friends and enemies equally by surprise, and to have been especially unwelcome to the Republican party. They think him dangerous to their cause, for he is a Republican of the Republicans, and yet his name is unpopular with many Frenchmen who half a year ago thought him a national hero. Some of the party to which he belongs have gone so far as to protest that it is absolutely unpatriotic in him to stand. Nothing, it appears to us, could be more unfair. It is for M. GAMBETTA to say whether he wishes to enter an Assembly

which he so lately left of his own accord, but if he wishes it, he certainly has as much business to sit in it as any one else who can get elected. He explains very frankly why he accepts his new position. He says that the new Government of France, a Government that raises large armies and enormous loans, and is supported by men of such different parties, is beyond all doubt, in his mind, the Government of France. He bows to the national will. France has decided that M. THIERS shall continue to be the Chief of the Executive, and that the present Assembly shall be the representative body of the country. If this is the case, he wishes to be a member of the representative body; and this being the case, he certainly appears to have very great claims to be returned. There is a cry against him now as if he were solely responsible for continuing the war after Sedan. Frenchmen must have very short memories if they can believe anything of the sort. M. JULES FAVRE and General TROCHU are members of the Assembly, and the former is the chief Minister under M. THIERS. The difference between them and M. GAMBETTA is, that while all three urged France to continue war, M. JULES FAVRE and General TROCHU did so with only half a heart, and while they made peace impossible by their empty boasts, they paralysed France by their utter want of belief in the utility of a further struggle. M. GAMBETTA alone believed in France, threw himself heart and soul into the cause of France, and did wonders to make the cause of France successful even in the blackest hour of adversity. If the continuance of the war brought any gain with it, that gain consisted in the upholding of the honour of France, and M. GAMBETTA was the man by whom that honour was mainly upheld. It is true that he was always a thoroughgoing partisan, and put unknown and incompetent Republicans into every high place he could secure for them. But if there was one thing in which Frenchmen believed, or affected to believe, last autumn, it was in the marvellous force that lay hid in France, and that could only be awakened by the spirit-stirring memories of a Republic. M. GAMBETTA made countless mistakes, but last October he represented France quite as much as M. THIERS represents it now; and it is absurd to pronounce it unpatriotic that such a man should wish to be a member of a representative body which professes to exist under a Republican Government, and among the leaders of which are men whose policy last autumn was identified with his, and who are now only separated from him by the fact that what he did zealously and boldly they did without spirit or energy, or any real belief in the utility of the efforts which they were goading France to make.

THE BALLOT.

ALL the questions raised by the Ballot Bill have been so effectually threshed out in the course of forty annual debates that it was impossible for either party to say anything new. Until lately the support of the Ballot served the purpose of a ribbon or cockade, as a conventional symbol of adhesion to the more advanced Liberal party. It was not so much that the late Mr. BERKELEY and his followers cared for secret voting, as that they had emancipated themselves from the scruples which still embarrassed their customary leaders. Once a year a few zealous speakers denounced bribery and intimidation, or perhaps they alleged that the Ballot would be a Conservative measure. Lord PALMERSTON, or some other Minister, answered year after year that the franchise was a trust, relying probably rather on a working majority than on any argument, however sound. When the formal debate had concluded with an adverse vote, the defeated party resumed their place in the Liberal ranks; and all politicians in and out of Parliament were perfectly satisfied to suspend their zeal for secret voting till the next occasion. The general interest in the question became constantly less, and when Lord RUSSELL and Lord DERBY produced their successive Reform Bills, no section of the House made any serious effort to include vote by Ballot in either measure. Mr. GLADSTONE had not then discovered that household suffrage was a property, at the same time that a ten-pound franchise was a trust. The reasons which have since induced the chief members of the present Cabinet to abandon their former principles, though sufficiently intelligible, could not conveniently be stated in answer to the challenge of their adversaries. Lord HARTINGTON, with creditable readiness, answered Mr. HARDY's appeal by reminding the Conservative leaders that they had been guilty of equally unjustifiable tergiversation. It is perfectly true that Mr. DISRAELI educated his party into a measure which had always been in their judgment dangerous

to the country, and which, as the result has proved, was ruinous to themselves. No personal argument could be more apt or better founded; but, on the whole, vicious precedents deserve rather to be avoided than followed. That Mr. DISRAELI led his followers into a gross inconsistency is no reason why Lord HARTINGTON should adopt a similar course at the instigation of Mr. GLADSTONE. The motives of the change are far more forcible than the reasons by which it is defended; for the Liberal dissidents of Lord PALMERSTON's time have now become a majority of the entire party. They are consequently able to impose conditions on their official leaders, and it happens that in Mr. GLADSTONE himself they have found a representative of almost every democratic tendency. The Committee on Parliamentary and Municipal Elections was appointed with the sole object of furnishing an excuse or an opportunity for wholesale conversion. In the days of religious proselytism it was understood that a nonconformist was practically reclaimed as soon as he consented to submit himself to the instruction of orthodox divines. Lord HARTINGTON, as the representative of the Whig members of the Cabinet, gave a similar pledge when he became Chairman of the Committee. In his eagerness to satisfy the expectations of his colleagues, he forgot or neglected in his first Report to include in the recommendations of the Council the abolition of nominations, although all parties agreed that it was desirable. It was unfortunate that Mr. GLADSTONE's instinct of inventing reasons for foregone conclusions induced him to propose universal suffrage for the sophistical purpose of excusing his conversion to the Ballot. Lord HARTINGTON more simply leaves his conviction to take care of itself, while he diverts attention from himself and his colleagues to Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. HARDY.

Mr. HENRY JAMES explained with much ability the method by which an intelligent person can satisfy his conscience of the expediency of adopting the Ballot. In many boroughs it has lately become impossible for a Liberal candidate to refuse the pledge; and consequently he has an interest in convincing himself that his opinions agree with his words. In the course of his argument Mr. JAMES almost admitted himself out of court by the confession that the proposed change is humiliating to the community. He also relied little on the supposed tendencies of the Ballot to diminish bribery, and perhaps unconsciously he exaggerated the amount of intimidation which requires to be discouraged. It was known that many plausible reasons for the Ballot could be given, and Mr. JAMES urged them forcibly and well. His opponents are under the disadvantage of relying to some extent on arguments which would be unpopular if they were candidly stated. The old proposition that the franchise was a trust implied the assumption that open voting tended to the advantage of the more respectable candidates. It was not to be expected that Dr. BALL's deductions from Roman history would produce a strong impression on the House of Commons. None of the numerous precedents which are quoted really apply to the United Kingdom. In the United States and on the Continent of Europe, with the temporary exception of France, there is no sovereign Assembly; and it is admitted that secret voting is not really practised in America. In foreign countries property is differently distributed, and the conditions of voting are not the same as in England. The Australian Colonies would prosper, with or without the Ballot; and it seems hard that the country which was called by Mr. BRIGHT the august Mother of Parliaments should be expected to learn the most rudimentary doctrines from her own children or grandchildren. Perhaps the most pertinent reason for the Ballot which was advanced during the whole debate was Mr. PLATT's statement of opinion that it might tend to protect the workmen from one another. During the election of the London School Board many workmen displayed extreme solicitude for the preservation of the strictest secrecy; and in all cases they desired to conceal their votes, not from their employers, but from their own companions and equals. On the other hand, the agitators who are most likely to organize intimidation of the working-classes unanimously support the Government Bill; but as the measure will be passed this year, or in the next Session, it is desirable to derive as much comfort as possible from the suggestion that in some instances secret voting may tend to diminish the influence of numbers and physical force. The majority and the minority really agree in the belief that the general operation of the Bill will be of an entirely opposite character.

Although the debate was conducted with temper, and not without ability, the only speeches which excited curiosity

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were those of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI. For the third time, Mr. GLADSTONE wantonly and recklessly announced the impending adoption of universal suffrage; and although he declared at the same time that the present Ministry was too fully occupied to deal with the measure, his pledge, as Mr. DISRAELI justly observed, will only be held binding for one Session. It is impossible to doubt that, if the wildest project of revolution is thought necessary to maintain the political supremacy of his party, Mr. GLADSTONE will set aside the defence of the country, the improvement of the administration of justice, and all other duties which would be incumbent on ordinary Ministers, for the sake of placing himself once more in harmony with popular passion. It is remarkable that no member of any party has echoed his reiterated menaces against the English Constitution. Only Mr. GLADSTONE's logical temperament could lead to the inference that because a fifth of the male population votes, the remaining four-fifths must necessarily be admitted to the franchise; but when prospective universal suffrage has done its work as a reason for introducing the Ballot, the Ballot will in turn be urged as an argument for swamping the constituencies by universal suffrage. It was perhaps prudent, or, as his enemies might contend, cynical in Mr. GLADSTONE to abstain from any defence of his own extraordinary change of opinion. It is probable that he has already forgotten his convictions of forty years, and the grounds on which they were supported. Political proselytes have ordinarily some sense of embarrassment which induces them to devise more or less plausible excuses for their conversion; but Mr. GLADSTONE's mind is so constituted that, when he has visibly obeyed the dictates of party expediency, he seems to himself to have yielded to some process which may be regarded either as philosophical or as a trick of sophistical ingenuity. He re-established the Sinking Fund because coal is not inexhaustible, and he votes for the Ballot on the pretext that universal suffrage is impending. Mr. DISRAELI had little difficulty in exposing the frivolity of Mr. GLADSTONE's reasoning and the levity of his conduct. As he justly said, the present Parliament has not for the most part been restless or revolutionary; but one of its members, holding the first place in the Assembly, is never contented to leave any institution alone, if it suits his purpose to disturb it in the present or to unsettle it for the future.

There may possibly be some doubt as to the future operation of the Ballot; but the expectations of both parties were plainly indicated by their votes. Unless the new system strengthens the extreme Liberals at the expense of the Conservatives and of the Whigs, all Parliamentary calculations will be disproved. It was on the same well-founded assumption that some members denounced the electoral corruption of the United States, and that the supporters of the Ballot referred to the peaceable elections of obscure tradesmen and farmers in Australia. The English Parliament has hitherto borne little resemblance to an American Congress or to a Colonial Assembly busying itself in the jobs familiar to a vestry. There is no reason to expect that the character of Parliament will be raised by approximation to the foreign or colonial type. Mr. DISRAELI's history of the Ballot agitation was not uninstructive; and it remains to be seen what will be the next step towards the establishment of pure democracy.

THE GREAT LOAN.

THE French loan has, it is said, been very successful. Double the quantity offered for subscription has been subscribed. France alone was ready to provide the eighty millions which the Government required. Undoubtedly this shows the greatness of the resources of France, and the general confidence which those resources inspire. At the end of a disastrous war, and with the Northern and Eastern departments in the occupation of the enemy, France in a single day finds a whole year's public revenue for the service of the nation. The large towns of the North which have felt, or nearly felt, the pressure of actual German occupation, have brought forth their hoards with a readiness and a copiousness fully equal to that displayed by the untouched cities of the South. Havre and Rouen have each offered without difficulty a million sterling. The loan was popular; it was considered to be issued on terms very advantageous to the investor; and as the money was there, if it could be got at, the subscriptions flowed in with astonishing rapidity. Out of France the loan was received neither with favour nor with disfavour. It was issued on much the same terms as those which Russia has lately been in the habit of offering, and it was exceedingly hard to say whether the security of France, under

present circumstances, or of Russia, was the better. There is so much that is dangerous in French policy that an investor in French Rentes is liable to see his stock depreciated to an extent greater perhaps than that which the investor in Russian stock can reasonably expect to witness. But, on the other hand, the price of French Rentes has for many years been far higher than that which is represented by a five per cent. stock at eighty-two, and there is therefore a sufficiently attractive prospect that, if everything goes well with France, the new loan may within a very short time rise to par. There is thus a mixture of security and of a great prize in the new loan which is well calculated to captivate a large class of investors. Six per cent. as a certainty, and the possible prize of a bonus of eighteen per cent., may easily seem very tempting to the mind that dwells on them, and the memory of the large fortunes made in the last five years by the rise of American bonds since the close of the Civil War must necessarily have exerted a considerable influence. But that which has most weighed with foreign investors is the promptitude with which the French themselves have displayed in subscribing to the loan. There is sure to be a market in France, and the certainty of a good market in the country which issues a loan is the best foundation of confidence in foreigners.

It is premature at present to attempt to estimate the probable political effects of the success of the loan. Its immediate effects are not perhaps very obscure. It must do good to the Government of M. THIERS. It is his loan; shaped by him, issued by him, and in a large degree successful because it represents the success of his policy. One success creates another, and his Government must acquire increased stability from the fact that he has exhibited to France the cheering spectacle of its power to meet so great a demand upon its accumulated wealth. The elections now close at hand would in any event have been favourable to the only Government that shows itself capable of existing; but they may be expected to turn more decisively in its favour now that it approaches the country with the prestige of a new triumph. Frenchmen, too, will undoubtedly be elated with the prospect of getting rid of their hated conquerors more rapidly than they expected. They may reckon on being able to raise the whole sum required for the indemnity, and so clearing France of every German soldier, whenever it is thought desirable to make the attempt. In the lightness of heart engendered by the success of the loan French journalists appear to have been tempted to regard their country as having won a sort of victory over Prince BISMARCK. What, they exclaim, will Prince BISMARCK think of France? They may make themselves very easy about Prince BISMARCK's thoughts. No one will be more glad than he that the payment of two hundred millions to Germany is now made a matter of certainty. Now that eighty millions has been raised so easily there can be no fear lest the remainder of the indemnity should not be forthcoming. The natural consequence will be that, although the Germans may not be wholly paid off at present, they will greatly relax the rigour of their grasp on a debtor who is sure to pay them. Everything will be made easy and pleasant to persons who are so ready with their money. Thus M. THIERS has uncontestedly won two great advantages; he has made himself more sure of the coming elections, and he has placed himself in a position to treat with Germany on terms of equality. But all the errors of his financial policy remain exactly as they were. If the loan has been readily taken up, the interest on it must be provided from new taxation with equal rapidity and certainty. M. THIERS is as much pledged as he was a week ago to the pernicious system of augmenting the indirect taxation of the country without a corresponding increase of direct taxation. The battle of Protection and Free-trade is still to be fought, and either M. THIERS must quarrel with the vast interests which Free-trade has created, or he must entirely alter his financial policy. He also insists on burdening the country with the redemption of a portion of the public debt which will soon bear interest at the rate of only one per cent. He is going, in fact, to raise eight millions sterling more than he need raise, and he is going to raise it by taxation of a character which must necessarily cripple in the future the energies of France. At present everything goes very smoothly, and his policy exactly chimes in with the habits and propensities of Frenchmen. They love to hoard, and they love to bring out their hoardings on the invitation of a Government which offers them good terms. Protection, too, is always attractive to the unreflecting in the beginning of its operation. Taxes seem to be imposed which no one need pay unless he pleases, and native industry appears to gain a victory over foreign competition. It is only as time runs on that a nation sees how

dearly it purchases its present ease by future embarrassment, and it will probably be two or three years before France realizes what it has to pay for the loan the success of which is now so gratifying.

Nor is it quite certain that the very success of the loan may not carry with it some dangers of its own. The Provisional Government which bears the name of a Republic has for the moment the credit of the success, but the path is cleared in some degree for a Monarchy by the mere fact that the pecuniary difficulties of France will now seem much less than they seemed a few weeks ago. A new monarch will see his way to clearing the Germans out of France, and the mere expense of a Court will appear a bagatelle to a nation proud of the ease with which it has raised eighty millions in a day. The King may reap the harvest which the Chief of a Republic has sown, and even the luxury of the French Empire may present itself with all its ancient charms to a people which finds itself so unexpectedly rich. Two great stumbling-blocks stood in the way of a Monarchy—the impossibility of constituting a Court under the eyes and control of a conqueror, and the distaste of taxpayers for unnecessary outlay. But those stumbling-blocks have now been largely or wholly cleared out of the way of HENRY V. or NAPOLEON III., or whoever the new monarch of France is to be. The EMPEROR especially may expect to gain by France being thus pointedly invited to consider under whose reign it was that all those eighty millions were treasured up. Even Sedan has not ruined the country it disgraced, and exulting investors may be inclined to pardon the man who enabled them to invest. It is also obvious that the ease with which France has found this large sum may intensify the traditional longing of Frenchmen for aggressive war. If a new war should become popular, as we fear it may easily become almost before the full extent of the burden of new indebtedness has begun to tell, the check of pecuniary anxiety may be found to have been to a great degree removed by the success of the loan. France, it will be said, need never trouble itself about money. It has only to ask and it can have. And there is a peculiar danger in the French system of appealing to the poorer classes to take part in national loans. They get to like these loans, and to like them better and better in proportion as the terms on which they are offered are worse for the country. The gain of a good investment seems immediate, and the burden of future taxation seems remote. If there were a new war, and a loan to supply its requirements were offered at a price still lower than that of the present issue, the vast body of the proprietors of small savings would hail with delight the opportunity of profiting, as they would think, by the bold policy of their Government. Nothing can be more charming to a poor man than that he should get seven per cent. for his money, and that rich people should pay more for those articles on which indirect taxation is levied. If the old boast was untrue that Europe was at peace when France was contented, it is quite true that Europe is disquieted when France becomes reckless; and Europe may possibly find that the recklessness of France will have been stimulated by the ease with which the new loan has been subscribed.

THE IRISH SEPARATIST AGITATION.

SOME of the truest and most important of political propositions cannot be conveniently enunciated in debate. Lord HARTINGTON's challenge to a body of Irish separatists to present themselves in the House of Commons was spirited, appropriate, and rhetorically effective. In public discussions on the representative system it is necessary to assume that the object of elections is to express the feelings and opinions of the constituencies; yet it would be extremely inconvenient that a considerable section of the House of Commons should be irreconcilably opposed to the monarchy and the Constitution, and the mischief would be aggravated by the fact that the distribution of parties coincided with geographical boundaries. A similar division preceded and foreboded the disruption of the American Union; and civil war is, in spite of conventional phrases and fictions, a graver evil than a certain amount of bribery and intimidation. Parliamentary government in Ireland could scarcely have been maintained to the present time if the character of Parliament had not been determined by the English and Scotch majority; but a certain proportion of Irish members has always hitherto been returned by the influence of the class which values the English connexion. The priests, who gradually succeeded to a large share of the power formerly exercised by the landlords, have countenanced only a milder form of disaffection. Heartily disliking the heretical

English, they have still felt that they were in some degree interested in the maintenance of order. The fanatical animosity of Continental revolutionists against the Roman Catholic clergy cannot but excite their alarm; nor would a Republic of the American type be favourable to priestly dominion. If the so-called National movement becomes generally popular in Ireland, the priests will probably be compelled to swim with the stream; but for the present only few among them have taken an active part in the new agitation. It was not by the goodwill of the priests that a malcontent Presbyterian was returned for Longford, and although one of their body moved or seconded the nomination of Mr. SMYTH for Westmeath, the candidate was not regarded as a nominee of the clergy. Nevertheless Mr. MAGUIRE, who is one of the most zealous of Roman Catholic laymen, announces that with or without the Ballot fifty Nationalist members will be returned at the next election; and there is little reason to doubt that a part of his prophecy will be fulfilled. Two or three generations of Irishmen have been constantly assured by their orators and their priests that the connexion of their country with England has exposed them to every kind of suffering and oppression; and the doctrines of unscrupulous teachers are bearing their natural fruit. Mr. MAGUIRE, and even Mr. MARTIN, profess loyalty to the Crown, while they deprecate the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament; but Mr. MAGUIRE must have acquired sufficient knowledge of the English Constitution to understand that allegiance to the QUEEN has in modern times no practical meaning except acquiescence in the sovereignty of the House of Commons. Without a sweeping revolution or reaction it would be impossible that the English nation should allow the Crown to administer political functions without the control or concurrence of Parliament. The Ministers or governing Committee of Parliament must necessarily advise the QUEEN on all measures within or without the kingdom.

A federation of independent States is only possible where they are comparatively homogeneous, and American experience proves that the central authority tends more and more to encroach on local independence. The kingdoms and duchies of Germany are now united for military and diplomatic purposes, and in many departments of internal administration. The representative Assemblies of the several States will probably henceforth exercise little power, and sooner or later the Empire is likely to become a simple Monarchy or Republic. The Austrian experiment has thus far not arrived at a successful conclusion. The various provinces which had for centuries willingly submitted to a common ruler have, since the introduction of Parliamentary government, steadily resisted the demand that they should submit to the control of alien majorities. In all Continental countries the Crown still exerts great and undisputed power. But the hereditary Chief of the English Republic has no means of giving unity to the action of two or more independent Parliaments. If a King or Queen of England were to rely on the support of Ireland against the other portions of the Empire, the precedents of CHARLES I. and JAMES II. would be directly applicable to a policy which would probably produce the same results as in the seventeenth century. On the other hand, the interference of the English Parliament would be resented by Ireland as an infringement of a legal settlement. The short interval between 1782 and 1800 sufficiently illustrated the inconvenience of dealing with an Irish Parliament which was even nominally independent. In O'CONNELL's time it was possible for Repealers to fancy that with the abolition of the Union the Irish Lords and Commons would resume their seats in the Irish Parliament. It must now be obvious to all but the shallowest politicians that the alternative of the present Government of Ireland is a democratic Republic. The gentry of Ireland, with a few capricious exceptions, are fully convinced that the preservation of their property and position depends absolutely on the maintenance of the connexion with England. The mobs who listen to Nationalist orations signify, by the groans and hisses with which they receive the mention of Mr. GLADSTONE's name, their intention of ridding themselves on the earliest occasion of the landlord who is already almost reduced to the condition of an annuitant. It is probable that if the pressure of English authority were withdrawn, religious fanaticism would in many districts lead to disturbances and anarchy. The Ribbonmen of Westmeath are pledged to hostility against Protestants as well as landlords; and the inevitable confiscation of property would perhaps in some cases be attended by massacre. It is difficult to censure too strongly the carelessness or affectation of English writers who profess a willingness to discuss with Mr. MAGUIRE's fifty Nationalists the expediency or justice of

Repeal. Lord HARTINGTON spoke with more wisdom and dignity when he rested the argument for the Union exclusively on the irrevocable determination of England to maintain it. Although it would be unsafe to reckon on the firmness or honesty of modern statesmen, it may perhaps be assumed that none of them will dare to abdicate the responsibility of England for the safety of the QUEEN's loyal subjects in Ireland and for the protection of their property.

The interests of Ireland alone indispensably require the maintenance of the Union; but those who insist exclusively on the duty of the State to the Irish become conscious of a reticence which has almost the air of insincerity. It is chiefly for the sake of England that the connexion between the islands must be defended, even, if necessary, at the cost of civil war. The Southern Americans had a far stronger case for separation than that which is urged by Mr. MARTIN and his political associates. According to the better legal opinion they had only parted with a portion of their sovereign rights, and they claimed the power of resuming the concession at pleasure. The party which in 1860 had become dominant in the Federation was not represented by a single member from any Southern State. In habits, in opinions, and in interests the seceding communities were antagonistic to the Northern States, and at first they probably believed that no attempt would be made to reclaim their allegiance by force. On the other hand, the great majority of Americans, without minutely examining the legal question, irrevocably resolved that the great Republic should not be split in two. It was not until the struggle had lasted for some time that they included among the objects of the war the abolition of slavery. As Lord RUSSELL said at the time, in too disparaging a tone, the North fought for empire; and it had no reason to be ashamed of its motive and purpose. Without the South the Federal Union would have been a great Power, exempt from all external danger; and the natural increase of population and wealth would in a few years have replaced the loss resulting from secession; but the Northern people were not content to lose any portion of the greatness which they possessed. England, with Ireland as an independent and probably hostile State in the immediate neighbourhood, would be reduced to the rank of a second-rate Power; and at the same time it would require a larger military force to watch Ireland than to hold it as at present. One of the arguments of the Northern Americans for prosecuting the reconquest of the South was founded on the alleged impossibility of allowing the mouth of the Mississippi to pass into the hands of a foreign Government. It would be at least equally inconvenient to subject the trade with Ireland to the restrictions which might be imposed by an independent Parliament. It is not necessary to accumulate reasons for a determination which is, as may be hoped, irrevocably formed; but it will be a grave misfortune if the question takes a practical form. It is always difficult to estimate the importance of Irish agitations. The speeches at the Westmeath election were sanguine and defiant; but successive generations of Irish demagogues have been not less noisy and confident. The movement is apparently not founded on any material grievance. Ireland has never been so prosperous or so flourishing as at present, and the sufferers by recent legislative changes are not to be found in the ranks of the disaffected. The objects of the Separatists, beyond political change, are either hopelessly vague, or not such as can be openly avowed.

THE COBDEN CLUB.

THE COBDEN Club met on Saturday last under happier auspices than last year, although another favourite scheme of Mr. COBDEN's is about to be abandoned or suspended. It may also be said without offence that, although an undertaker or an undertaker's mate may be a useful and respectable member of society, Lord GRANVILLE's demeanour and language are better suited to a festive meeting than Mr. GLADSTONE'S. The PRIME MINISTER is incomparably superior to his colleague as an orator; but he is in the habit of improving every occasion to solemn and didactic purposes. It was not surprising that he spoke in an unusually lugubrious tone when he commemorated the prophet of peace at the commencement of a wanton and gigantic war. The catastrophe has far exceeded all expectation or fear, but at last the troubled night of war has departed, and the star of peace has returned. Everything looks more cheerful, and LORD GRANVILLE, like the fair-weather figure of an old-fashioned barometer, steps pleasantly forward, while his more sombre predecessor remains shut up in his box. Lord GRANVILLE was fully justified in asserting that

Mr. COBDEN would, in common with the whole population of England, have utterly disapproved of the war. It is also certain that he would have agreed with nine-tenths of the same body in wishing the English Government to preserve a strict neutrality. He was peculiar, or rather he was a leader of a petty sect, in his belief that free trade and civilization had made wars of conquest impossible. It was scarcely possible to deduce from late events a proof of his sagacity, but there was no harm in reaffirming at the COBDEN Club or elsewhere the doctrines which have passed into the settled policy of England. Mr. COBDEN possessed great intellectual and practical power; he was personally upright and generous; and if he attempted numerous projects which deservedly failed, he was in the more important efforts of his life eminently successful. It would be a pity if his more fanatical disciples succeeded in creating a prejudice against their hero by proclaiming him, after the fashion of his latest editor, infallible. Lord GRANVILLE, after a few sentences of graceful compliment, judiciously passed from the personal merits of Mr. COBDEN to the political questions of the day. He might be excused for abstaining from mention of the most pressing of all national wants. National defence is more urgently required than Free-trade, and it is much more difficult of attainment. Mr. COBDEN steadily opposed all proposed augmentations of the army and navy, and he would undoubtedly have refused to profit by the lessons of the recent war. As his biographer proudly boasts, Mr. COBDEN never changed an opinion; and he would easily have satisfied himself that the German triumph removed the danger, which he had always declared to be chimerical, of a conflict with France. There was sufficient matter for Lord GRANVILLE's speech without touching on delicate points, and he discharged his duty with propriety and tact.

The only late transaction which could be regarded as a triumph of Mr. COBDEN's principles was not likely to be forgotten. He had repeatedly recommended arbitration as a substitute for war; and the Treaty of Washington has, almost for the first time, exemplified his doctrine. Lord RIPON divided with Lord GRANVILLE the applause of the meeting, as the principal manager of a negotiation which the Foreign Minister had commenced. It is not expedient to renew the discussion of an arrangement which patriotic Englishmen would willingly forget. It may be admitted that international arbitration has proved to be possible on the condition that one party shall be ready to allow the other its own way. Meetings of Commissioners and Conferences have become for the English Government decorous methods of yielding points which could not be maintained without danger of war. Twice in six months English plenipotentiaries have conceded every demand preferred by opponents; and in both instances a risk to peace has been averted. The same Christian conduct, if it were consistently pursued, would avert litigation as well as war. If a foreign Power demands the coast of England, it may expect to get the cloak also; and if Prince BISMARCK wished Mr. GLADSTONE to go with him a mile, he would readily double the distance. It would be unseasonable to inquire whether the provisions of the Treaty were satisfactory; but it must be remembered that Lord RUSSELL, Lord CLARENCE, or Lord DERBY could have made peace on the same or easier terms. If the settlement which has been made is in itself desirable, it cannot be denied that it was introduced by Lord GRANVILLE with opportune adroitness. Even the present Government could scarcely have recommenced negotiations on the *Alabama* claims after the rude rebuff of the rejection of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON'S Treaty. Lord GRANVILLE skilfully proposed a reference of the Fishery disputes to arbitration; and the PRESIDENT, perceiving with creditable acuteness that England was in a yielding mood, met the expectations of the English Government by suggesting that the reference should include the *Alabama* claims. The subsequent choice of Commissioners would have been satisfactory if they had been charged with any duty except that of giving way to their American colleagues. In this instance also Mr. COBDEN, if he had been capable of changing an opinion, would have rejoiced in the disproof of his assertion that Englishmen were exceptionally pugnacious. Lord GRANVILLE perhaps wished to hint to foreigners that English patience may possibly be exhausted; but his motive will be easily understood, and his contingent menace will excite little alarm.

The approaching denunciation by the French Government of the Commercial Treaty was almost as untoward an event for the COBDEN celebration as the outbreak of war. Mr. COBDEN himself not unnaturally regarded the Treaty as one of his greatest achievements; and he fully expected that, after *

short interval, experience would render Free-trade as popular in France as in England. It is no imputation on his foresight that he failed to anticipate the disastrous events which furnish a pretext for the abolition of the Treaty; but it is probable that, if the Empire had lasted, the Treaty would nevertheless have been doomed. In the spring of 1870, M. LOUVER and M. BUFFET, then the representatives of commerce and finance in the French Cabinet, intimated their concurrence with a powerful section of the Legislative Body in the doctrine of protection. The EMPEROR, though he was more enlightened than his new Ministers, was no longer supported in his councils by M. ROUHER; and he would have assented to the restoration of a barbarous tariff at least as willingly as to the precipitation of an insane war. It unluckily happens that French economists, however lucid and convincing their arguments may be, command no general audience. The manufacturers are more intelligent than the mass of the consumers, and they are far better organized. Their most active leader is now associated in the Government with M. THIERS, whose brilliant and finished understanding has steadily resisted the approach of all modern enlightenment. The historian of the First Empire early imbibed the prejudices of the time which he invested with fatal celebrity. M. THIERS has nothing to gain by a policy which M. POUVER-QUERTIER believes to be highly profitable to French producers; but in the debates of last year the veteran Parliamentary leader repeated in his most persuasive manner all the economic heresies and fallacies which he has now the opportunity of introducing into practice. The proposed duties on raw material must necessarily lead to distinctive legislation in favour of French manufactures. The eminent silk manufacturer, M. ARLES DUFOUR, himself an old acquaintance of Mr. COBDEN's, censured with just indignation the folly and selfishness of retrograde French politicians; but at the present moment there is no chance that the Versailles Assembly will listen to his warnings. The re-erection of the barriers which separate the neighbouring countries is not prompted by any motive which is offensive to England. If the Treaty were not beneficial to France, M. THIERS would be right in denouncing it; and there is no discourtesy in a misapprehension, however gross, of French interests. M. THIERS and M. POUVER-QUERTIER are adopting the measure which of all others will most effectually impede the return of general prosperity. Large fortunes will be made at Rouen and in the iron districts, and French industry will be thrown back ten years. It is useless to reproach the French Government with its ignorance; nor is it a suitable time to feel or express resentment. Lord GRANVILLE will have caused general satisfaction by his announcement that the English Government will, at the same time that it abstains from offering any impediment to the policy of France, nevertheless refuse to modify the Treaty by assenting to an increase of duties. As the arrangement has broken down, it will be prudent to avoid all similar negotiations for the future. The French people have never been able to overcome the suspicion that the Treaty was an artful contrivance for the exclusive benefit of England; yet it was originally proposed by the Emperor NAPOLEON, and on the English side it was negotiated by Mr. COBDEN, who was a thoroughly cosmopolitan politician. On the whole, the Club was on this occasion fortunate in its Chairman, in the speakers, and, like all Clubs of the kind, in the absence of contradiction.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

THE incident of Mr. NOEL and the Italian flag is an apt illustration of the sort of deadlock in which Roman affairs are likely to find themselves for some time to come. Three enthusiastic young Englishmen go to Rome as leaders of a deputation from the Roman Catholic youth of Great Britain to congratulate the Pope on the occasion of his jubilee. The Roman Liberals happened to choose one of the Sundays of their visit as an occasion for a general display of the Italian flag, and the proprietor of the hotel at which the NOEL family were staying was too mindful of the safety of his windows not to do his part in the demonstration. There is a conflict of statements as to the precise manner in which the flag was shown. According to one account it was planted in a socket on a balcony; according to another it was hung out of a window. What is not disputed is that both the balcony and the window belonged to the rooms taken by Lord GAINSBOROUGH and his family. Here there is evidently room for a dispute of the most hopeless kind. Mr. EDWARD NOEL considered the room his own by right of occupancy, and was consequently highly indignant that it

should have been turned to such a purpose. The hotel-keeper considered the room his own by right of proprietorship, and consequently held that he had a right to put it to any use he liked, so long as it was not inconsistent with the objects for which its occupants required it. It would have been better taste in the hotel-keeper if he had found some other window in his house from which the Italian flag might be displayed; it would have been better taste in Mr. NOEL if he had allowed the covert insult to pass without notice. Instead of this, each party seems to have stood on his own conception of his rights, and the result was that the Italian flag continued to float over a room which was no longer occupied by the NOELS. Probably most of the disputes between the Papal and the national factions in Rome are fought out with similar persistency, and might be avoided with similar ease. There is a natural desire on the part of those who have dethroned the Pope to make his former subjects realize the fact that he has no longer any but a spiritual claim on their allegiance. There is an equally natural disposition on the part of those who hope to see the Pope restored by foreign aid to magnify every insult offered to themselves in the hope of fanning Catholic indignation throughout Europe into something like a serviceable flame. In addition to this it must be remembered that both parties are for the present represented at Rome by their most ardent and least judicious adherents. The foreign Catholics who have gone to Rome for the jubilee are all of them supporters of the most extreme theory of Papal rights. They have been taught, or have persuaded themselves, that the alleged desire of the Romans to be united to Italy is entirely the creation of the agents of the "Subalpine" Government, and that if all intruding conspirators could be removed, and the Pope once left alone with his subjects, his temporal sovereignty would be restored to him as a matter of course. This conviction is not calculated to make them look tolerantly on any manifestation of Italian feeling, nor does it lead them to make any allowance for the very great difficulties with which the Italian Government has to contend. In their eyes they are difficulties entirely of its own making, and it has no right after committing robbery to complain that it finds the booty hard to stow away. The Italian Government is not more fortunate in the instruments through which it has to work. For the present, at all events, the affairs of Rome must be administered as regards all subordinate offices by Romans, and the Romans who are not believers in the Pope are not perhaps inclined to believe much more firmly in VICTOR EMMANUEL. They have accepted their deliverance from his hands because they saw no chance of getting it from any other quarter. But they would probably have preferred a more revolutionary type of government, and they are almost certain to be disgusted with the elaborate system of guarantees by which the Italian Parliament has sought to make the Pope's fall easier. They do not share the statesmanlike anxiety of their superiors to come to terms with the head of the Catholic Church; they would very much rather see the feud become irreconcilable. It is not likely that authority committed to men of this stamp will be exercised with any special desire to make the yoke less burdensome. Its holders will rather be anxious to turn to the Pope's disadvantage the accident that it has been committed to them. We can see little ground for the assumption of the *Times* that, if the Pope would but lay aside his temporal pretensions, and be content with those which he may assert as the successor of PETER and the Vicar of CHRIST, his revolted subjects would universally have returned to his footstool. This, no doubt, is the feeling of Italian politicians, and of the party of order in Rome. But the idea of a Roman revolution has been too popular with the secret societies of the Continent to be readily abandoned, especially now that the defeat of the Commune has set the surviving leaders of the International free to pursue their designs in other quarters; and to men of this stamp the Pope is as odious in his spiritual capacity as he can possibly be in his temporal. It is extremely difficult to forecast what effect the removal of the seat of government to Rome, which was announced to take place yesterday, will have on this curiously complicated state of affairs.

It is a striking proof of the Pope's consistency that in the presence of all these dangers he is still true to his belief that his worst enemies are to be found among his nominal adherents. He knows that the Revolution has not yet worked its will in Rome; he knows that it is far from unlikely that Rome will be the next object of attack on the part of a political organization which is atheistical even more than political; he knows that he is hated by this organization simply as the *de facto* representative of Christianity in general. But all this put together does not lead him to lay aside one jot or one

title of his animosity against his opponents within the Roman Catholic Church. "There is in France," he told a deputation from French Catholics, "a more formidable evil than the Revolution, more formidable than the Commune with its men let loose from hell who flung fire about Paris—and that is 'Catholic Liberalism.' We know of no more wonderful instance of traditional and deep-rooted prejudice than this. The POPE is not disposed to under-estimate the demerits of the Commune. They are 'men let loose from hell,' and he admits that they have justified their origin. But his high sense of equity forces him to remember and declare that there are more mischievous men in France than they. There are the Liberal Catholics. It would have been interesting if the POPE had gone on to excommunicate his adversaries by name. The difficulty of late has been to discover where the French Liberal Catholics have hid themselves. Is the Bishop of ORLEANS preparing to continue in his diocese the opposition to the new dogma which he vainly offered in the Vatican Council? Is there any French layman ready to fill the place in ecclesiastical politics vacated by MONTALEMBERT? We should have been inclined to answer both these questions in the negative had it not been for the POPE's speech. Now, however, we are forced to hesitate before doing so. Would PIUS IX. have thought it necessary to warn France against an extinct evil at a time when, by his own showing, she is in no want of evils against which to contend, unless he had known that his warning was needed? France has generally been regarded as the country in which the Ultramontane temper was strongest, and the probability of any effective reaction against its influence weakest. Have the POPE's fears been father to his admonitions, or is he really in possession of evidence that Catholic Liberalism has a stronger hold on the French Church than the scanty nominal list of its supporters has hitherto promised? There is another possible explanation of the POPE's words which, though less consonant perhaps with his own character, may more easily be brought into harmony with facts. By Catholic Liberalism he may mean not the spirit which leads men to deny the truth of infallibility, or to question the Ecumenical character of the Vatican Council, or to hold that articles of faith should not be in plain contradiction to historical facts, but the spirit which dissuades them from reinstating him in his dominion at the cost of a war with Italy. No doubt, in this sense Catholic Liberalism will have many representatives in the French Assembly. If the Temporal Power were still subsisting, and the question for decision were not whether French troops should be sent to Rome, but whether, being at Rome, they should remain there, a large majority of the Deputies would probably be in favour of maintaining the *status quo*. Although, however, the idea of a fresh expedition to Rome would have many attractions for the Conservative theologians who form the bulk of the Assembly, it is more probable that the internal difficulties which they have to confront will be too numerous and too serious to allow of the adoption of any active foreign policy which would not carry with it the additional advantage of uniting parties at home. But though Republicans and Monarchists might conceivably lay aside their quarrel in order to strike a blow for a lost province, the hostility between them would only be aggravated by a proposal to strike a blow for the POPE. It may, we repeat, be Catholic Liberalism of this type that the POPE was thinking of when he replied to the French deputation. But it is so unlike PIUS IX. to put any consideration whatever before the purely theological one involved in the acceptance or rejection of the new dogma, that the more plausible interpretation strikes us as being at the same time the less probable.

THE SUNDAY LIQUOR TRADE.

ON Wednesday of last week a Bill brought in by Mr. RYLANDS for prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor on Sunday was read a second time on the recommendation of Mr. BRUCE. On Monday of this week the same Bill was rejected on going into Committee. We commented last week on the absurdity of Mr. BRUCE's conduct in supporting a prohibitory Bill on the plea that it might be altered into a regulating Bill in Committee; but we could hardly have expected that when the Government had thus adopted the Bill it would be defeated at the next stage. We gladly perceive, however, that good sense has some influence in the House of Commons even at two o'clock in the morning. The truth is, as we stated some time ago, that any substantial interference with the Sunday trade in liquor is impossible, and the mere

retrenching of the hours in which it is permitted will cause irritation among consumers, while it will not satisfy Mr. RYLANDS and the other fanatics who demand entire prohibition. If it were true, as stated by Mr. RYLANDS, that there is more drunkenness in Manchester and other towns on Sunday than on any other day, the circumstance might as well be used as an argument for abolishing Sunday as for prohibiting the sale of liquor. The opponents of Mr. RYLANDS truly answer that the cases which come before the police-courts on Monday belong both to Saturday and Sunday, and therefore there is no fair comparison between Monday and any other day. Without entering further into this controversy, we may assume that people who are disposed to excess in drinking will be most likely to indulge their weakness when they have money and leisure at command, and these conditions are most generally fulfilled on Sunday. The present arrangement, by which public-houses are closed during the usual hours of Divine service, is in harmony with the religious feelings of the great body of the people, and the habits even of those who do not frequent churches or chapels have become adapted to it. A prudent Government would let well alone, but Mr. BRUCE, although for the present at least he cannot act, is unable to abstain from talking. He tells the House of Commons that something ought to be done, but Mr. RYLANDS is attempting too much, and he himself had been charged with a similar error; "but honourable gentlemen would have forgiven that error if 'they had themselves been obliged to give more than a year's 'study to all the inconsistencies involved in the licensing law." We quote the very words which are reported to have been spoken by Mr. BRUCE on Wednesday in last week, and we remark that they amount to this, that the more Mr. BRUCE thinks about a subject the less capable he is of dealing with it. We had charitably assumed that Mr. BRUCE had never thought about the subject of licensing until he brought in his unlucky Bill; but of course Mr. BRUCE knows best to what studies he has applied his mind. If, however, it is the fact that the more Mr. BRUCE considers a question the less he understands it, the publicans may joyfully conclude that their danger in next Session will be less than it has been in this. We have heard that he who drinks beer thinks beer, and perhaps thinking about beer may affect Mr. BRUCE's head in the same way as copious potations affect the heads of stronger men. If, as Mr. BRUCE says, the observance of Sunday is "a geographical question," we should have thought that even he might have perceived the inexpediency of attempting to enforce that observance by legislation. He appears to have very nearly made up his mind to allow public-houses to be open from seven to nine o'clock on Sunday evening, but he was assured by a number of persons that it would be better to allow them to be open from eight to ten o'clock. He does not seem to have drawn the obvious inference that it would be best for the Legislature not to enter into minute details, and that a measure of general application ought to provide for the convenience of various localities and different seasons of the year. It would be bad enough if the House of Commons were engaged in this sort of discussion with a view to deciding between the two arrangements which Mr. BRUCE finds almost equally desirable. But it turns out that the House of Commons was merely, as children say, "making believe." Let us, says Mr. BRUCE, read this Bill a second time, and then we can go into Committee, and strike out every word of it and put in something else, to which, in Committee, we may all be able to agree. The House adopted this extraordinary proposal, and accordingly the Bill was read a second time. But when the House was asked to go into Committee, it became painfully evident that somebody must decide on something soon. And so the House refused to go into Committee, and the Bill is lost.

The principal speakers in last week's debate regarded this Bill from the point of view of Manchester or Liverpool. Availing ourselves of Mr. BRUCE's discovery of the geographical character of Sunday, we shall regard it from the point of view of London. We adopt as our own the opinion of Sir THOMAS HENRY, stated before a Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1868, that "it would be wrong to close the public-houses during the afternoon of Sunday for the sake of preventing twenty people from having an opportunity of getting drunk, and putting 5,000 or 10,000 people to inconvenience." We accept from that high authority the assurance, which ordinary observation will confirm, that the majority of landlords of public-houses in London do not encourage drunkenness, but on the contrary they discourage it. They wish to keep their houses in a respectable manner, and to insure the renewal of their licenses. Magistrates have sufficient power under the existing law of compelling pub-

licans to conduct their houses respectably if they do not do so voluntarily; but if their power is not sufficient it might be extended. It was further stated by Sir THOMAS HENRY that more cases of drunkenness came before him on Tuesday than on Monday, "because Monday is made a great holiday by most 'trades in London.' It has, we believe, been contemplated by Mr. P. A. TAYLOR to abolish Sunday, but even he would be obliged to admit that Monday is indestructible. It was, indeed, added by Sir THOMAS HENRY that "the love for 'holiday-making is increasing.'" People who do not drink on Sunday will drink, if they are so disposed, on Monday, or even on Tuesday; and if they do not spend their money on the first day after they receive it, they will have it to spend on the second or the third day. We leave out of view for the present the special character of Sunday, as we conceive that that is sufficiently met by the provision for closing public-houses during the usual hours of Divine service. Considering Sunday merely as a holiday, it would appear that if public-houses ought to be closed on that day they ought to be closed on any other usual holiday, and particularly on Monday in London. This Committee examined three police magistrates of the metropolis besides Sir THOMAS HENRY, and they all gave evidence to the same purport. "I do not think," said Mr. BURCHAM, "that legislative enactments have so great an effect upon the morality of the people as some persons imagine." It was stated by Mr. WOOLRICH that a great many cases came before him of drunkenness in private houses; and he thought that these cases would increase upon the further restriction of public-houses. It is surprising that Mr. RYLANDS and his allies should be blind to this obvious consideration. A man who drinks at a public-house must at any rate come forth into the air, and perhaps walk some distance to arrive at it. The means of intoxication are unhappily portable, and the silence of a street on Sunday does not prove that there is not sottishness in its houses. There is "in the lowest deep a lower 'deep,'" which those who describe the horrors of the taproom conveniently forget. The Bill which these magistrates concurred in regarding as inexpedient provided for closing public-houses on Sundays except from one to half-past two in the afternoon, and from eight to ten in the evening. Mr. BRUCE, after a year's cogitation, recommends that the hours of opening in the evening should be from seven to nine, but still he is amenable to persuasion that opening from eight to ten would be preferable. "He was not wedded to the limitation of hours which he proposed, and he must say he felt the greatest difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory solution." If Mr. BRUCE had not assured us that the more he thinks the less clear he feels, we might have asked him to reflect upon the probable consequences of passing a measure which four police magistrates have declared is inexpedient. "I think," said Mr. ELLISON, "that the proposed restrictions are imprudent." The enforcement of an earlier hour for final closing was approved by these authorities for the excellent reason, stated by one of them, that a man had better be in bed by twelve o'clock if he has to get his living next day. "At present," said Mr. ELLISON, "we have done good, and we have gone far enough, and I think if we went further there would be dissatisfaction, and it would therefore be inexpedient to go further." Let us add to these opinions that of the late Sir RICHARD MAYNE, who said before the same Committee, "I think that further restriction would lead to a great amount of discontent; and there is also this to be considered with regard to all restrictions, that they lead to an evasion of the law in a way that it is almost impossible to prevent." If Mr. BRUCE has not been able to peruse this evidence, or fears that it might confuse his mind, he might at least inquire the opinion on this subject of his colleague Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, who was a member of the Committee, and prepared the Report which it adopted. The Government as a whole are called upon to consider this subject seriously, instead of leaving Mr. BRUCE to talk inane twaddle about "adopting a middle course" between the Bill of Mr. RYLANDS and the existing law. For once it is not true that a middle course is safest; for even Mr. BRUCE's mind is not so hopelessly confused but that he can calculate the probable consequences of passing a measure which the police authorities of London have declared to be inexpedient. The mistake which the House of Commons made last week by reading the Bill a second time has been remedied this week by its rejection. But how can we find words adequate to describe the folly and weakness of a Government which first recommends such a thing to be done, and is then compelled to see it undone?

THE REPORT ON MONASTIC INSTITUTIONS.

MR. NEWDEGATE has inadvertently been made to bless where he hoped and intended to curse. That the Select Committee on Conventional and Monastic Institutions, obtained with so much difficulty and made so valueless to him in the act of concession, would have to report in a sense directly contrary to his wishes, must have been evident to him long ago. The state of the law as it affects conventional and monastic institutions is precisely the aspect of the question which a judicious friend would have advised him to keep clear of. So long as Protestant sightseers are not allowed to lounge through a convent as they would through a gaol or a lunatic asylum, there will be room for the exercise of their imaginations in the composition of indecent books; and Mr. WHALLEY, better advised in this respect than Mr. NEWDEGATE, has consistently regarded the question from the point of view of the *Confessional Unmasked*. But Mr. NEWDEGATE is a gentleman and a politician—albeit a narrow-minded one—and as such he was ready to inquire into the legal position of the institutions which he was attacking without regard to consequences. But as soon as he had mastered what that legal position was, he must have had misgivings as to the result of the investigation. The Committee suggest no alterations in the law; they confine themselves strictly to setting out the law. But the strictest Conservative must feel that such a method of treatment is in itself a condemnation. He may regret that public opinion is so misguided as to think it so, but he cannot avoid seeing that, given the misguided opinion, it is not likely to favour the remarkable state of things described by the Committee. "There is no law applicable" to conventional and monastic institutions, "or specially affecting them in any way, unless they are in connexion with the Church of Rome. . . . Roman Catholics stand in an exceptional position." This is the opening sentence of the Report, and when the Committee have said this, they have said all that is needed to show that the law requires alteration. Members of the Church of England may found monasteries, may enter monasteries, may endow monasteries, and the law will have nothing to say to them. Their disposition of their property must conform to the recognised rules as to mortmain and perpetuities; but so long as this is provided for, they will be absolutely unfettered by any special restrictions. It is only when the monastery so founded, entered, or endowed belongs to the Roman Catholic Church that the law of England takes up its parable. When it does take it up, however, it takes it up with a will. It is a misdemeanour, punishable by banishment for life, for any Roman Catholic to take monastic vows. It is a misdemeanour, punishable by banishment for life, for any Roman Catholic to administer monastic vows. It is a misdemeanour, punishable by banishment for life, for any monk to come into the realm without a Secretary of State's license, or even with such license to remain within it for more than six months. These penalties are not relics of a forgotten age of persecution; they were all imposed by the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act just forty-two years since. It was not till long after this that Englishmen grew tired of passing enactments in *terrorem* which they never dreamed of carrying into execution. The Ecclesiastical Titles' Act is only now being repealed; the penal clauses in the Emancipation Act are still in full force. What, as a matter of fact, has been the effect of this tremendous statute? The Report of the Committee gives the answer. Religious orders of men "supply parish priests for 131 missions or parishes. They exercise in this way cure of souls for 278,850 persons. They also educate and supply missionaries for India and the Colonies. They educate in England 1,192 students of the higher and middle classes at ten colleges, and 92,260 poor children at various schools. . . . The penalties of the Emancipation Act have not been enforced in any one case since the Act was passed." It was "represented to us as a grievance," the Committee add, with a humour worthy of the author of *The Heathen Chinee*, "that the persons by whom this spiritual and educational machinery was worked to the satisfaction of their co-religionists should be treated by the law as criminals. . . . It was urged that respect for the law was likely to be weakened in the minds of those who received education from teachers whose very existence was in violation of a law regarded by Roman Catholics as trenching upon the rights of conscience." It "was represented"—it "was urged." There is something in this way of stating the demerits of the law more effective than any overt censure. We

shall imitate the self-restraint of the Committee, and add nothing more.

As regards property, however, the penal clauses of the Emancipation Act have not remained a dead letter. They have been construed by the English and Irish Courts as rendering invalid all endowments of religious communities of men. A bequest of lands or personality for the benefit of a Roman Catholic monastery, or for the benefit of any church to be served by monks, is illegal. A long course of judicial decisions has established that a bequest to procure prayers or masses for the repose of the soul of the donor is "superstitious," and consequently void; and by the combined operation of these principles all direct gifts to monastic institutions are effectually forbidden. The ingenuity of English conveyancers and the honesty of English Roman Catholics have proved equal to this state of affairs. Though monasteries, not being corporations, cannot hold property except by the aid of trustees, and though a trust for the benefit of a monastery is illegal, no law can prevent a number of persons from receiving and holding property as joint tenants free from any declared trust whatever, either open or secret. It is this impossibility that has made it practicable for monastic bodies to enjoy such possessions as the bounty of their co-religionists has chosen to bestow upon them. All property intended for the common use of a community of men is conveyed to certain persons, not as trustees, but simply as joint tenants, and upon "the good-will and honourable feeling" of these joint tenants the enjoyment of the property by the community altogether depends. They are responsible to no one, they can deal with the property at their pleasure, and no one can call them to account. They have the absolute ownership of it both in Law and in Equity. If any one of them should become bankrupt, his undivided share in the property would pass to his creditors. If the survivor of them dies without any fresh arrangement having been made, the whole property passes to his representatives without the community having any title to set up a claim to the benefit of it. There is no trust declared, and even if they were able to satisfy the Court of Chancery, by evidence of usage, that a trust exists in fact, it would still be a trust which, so long as the Emancipation Act remains unaltered, the Court must refuse to enforce. It is creditable to the Roman Catholic body that, except from unforeseen accidents, monastic institutions do not seem to have sustained any injury from the state of the law. Such property as these institutions enjoy is held by persons over whom they have no control, and held without any formal record of the manner in which the donor wished it to be dealt with. In every case, however, the virtual knowledge of his intentions possessed by the joint tenants has been enough to secure their being carried out. The holders of the property have acted in all respects as trustees for the monastery; the monastery has in all respects held the position in fact, though not in law, of a recognised *cestuique trust*.

Upon three main points, therefore, the Committee have made out an urgent case for a change in the law. In the first place, there is no reason why Roman Catholics should be placed under exceptional disabilities in respect of taking monastic vows. A member of any other Church may take and break as many of such vows as he chooses. The law simply leaves him alone. Why should the accident that the vows are taken in a Roman Catholic community, and not in an Anglican or a Greek, make the act a misdemeanour in all concerned? In the second place, there is no reason why a religious community of male Roman Catholics should not hold property on the same terms as any other unchartered society. They do not ask to be constituted corporations, or to have any exceptional recognition accorded them by law. They merely plead that if money or land is left for their benefit in such a way as the law would recognise in the case of any other community, religious or irreligious, it ought not to be forfeited because they are Roman Catholic monks. In the third place, there is no reason why the law which, as regards all the other doctrines in dispute between Roman Catholics and Protestants, takes no side and expresses no opinion, should go out of its way to condemn prayers for the dead. There is not one of these enactments that has proved effectual for its own purpose. They have all in their several ways been set at defiance. The clauses in the Emancipation Act which forbid the existence of monasteries or the enrolment of monks have been simply disobeyed. Monasteries have been founded, and monastic vows have been administered and taken, just as though no such statute were in being. The prohibition of trusts in favour of monastic institutions, and of bequests to procure prayers or masses for the donor's soul, has been evaded. Pro-

bably no Roman Catholic who wished to devote his property to either of these objects has ever had any difficulty in carrying out his purpose. He may, if he was of an anxious disposition, have had qualms as to the good faith of the joint tenants whom he was obliged to leave so unfettered; but with this drawback he has been able to do all that he wanted. The law as it stands, therefore, is disfigured by the two worst faults that a law can have. It is tyrannical, and it is impotent. It insists on imposing an arbitrary and irrational disability upon the members of one particular Church, and, having imposed it, allows it to be systematically disregarded. That such statutes should be either repealed or made efficacious will be admitted by every one. That they are not likely to be made efficacious will be admitted even by Mr. NEWDEGATE.

MIRACLE PLAYS.

ON Saturday last, the feast of St. John the Baptist, the performance of the now celebrated *Passionspiel*, at Ober-Ammergau, which was interrupted last year by the Franco-German war, recommenced, and it is to be continued at intervals till the end of September. We shall not now enter on any description of the solemnity, which appears to have deeply and favourably impressed spectators of the most various classes and habits of thought. But its recurrence naturally suggests some inquiry into the origin and history of those *Mysteries* or *Miracle Plays* once so common throughout Christian Europe, but of which this decennial celebration in an obscure Tyrolean valley is now the sole relic. For we cannot consider the grotesque, not to say profane, representations of sacred subjects occasionally interpolated into the ordinary dramatic programme at some Spanish theatres as deserving to be placed in the same category. The Ammergau Passion Play is not indeed itself a mediæval institution, but it can only be rightly understood in connexion with those popular "Mysteries" and "Morallities" of the middle ages, and they again must be traced back to a more remote antiquity and to earlier forms of faith. The drama, as has been justly said, is based on a principle inherent in human nature—that instinct of imitation which is not peculiar to any age or people. And hence there is evidence of its early existence among the most diverse and even the rudest nations. Not only was it in high repute at the same time in Greece and in Hindostan, but even the Chinese have from time immemorial possessed a regular theatre, and the ancient Peruvians had both tragedies and comedies. And they must in each case have invented the drama for themselves. But there is a further point in common among all the earliest dramatic performances of which we have any record, though it is most conspicuously brought out in the case of the Greek drama, which is the best known to us. They seem to have always had a religious origin. Mythology supplied the materials alike for the Comic and the Tragic Muse, and the frequently recurring festivals of local or national deities afforded the occasion for public representations. Music and poetry, wherever they exist, are sure to be enlisted in the service of religion, and among an agricultural population like that of early Greece, Dionysos, the god of the vineyard, held necessarily a prominent place in the national worship. The hymns sung round the festal altar, whether solemn or jocose, gradually developed into all the artistic splendours of the drama; the stately dithyrambic ode, with the Satyrus chorus, became the basis of Greek tragedy, and the Phallic song was expanded into the comedy of Aristophanes. We know of but two historical tragedies by Greek poets, which therefore have not a mythological origin; the *Capture of Miletus* by Phrynichus, and the *Persians* of Eschylus. And the exception proves the rule. Phrynichus was fined by the Athenians for harrowing their feelings by the representation of contemporary misfortunes. It must be remembered too that the Eleusinian and other *Mysteries* of ancient Greece, to which the initiated alone were admitted, consisted, as far as anything can be ascertained about them, mainly of symbolical and dramatic representations. And here we touch on the connecting link between the classical and Christian drama.

The early Fathers of the Church, whether with or without sufficient information it may be difficult to determine, invariably denounce the Greek *Mysteries* in the strongest terms as hotbeds of the grossest obscenity. Even St. Clement of Alexandria, with all his admiration of Greek philosophy, is no exception. For many centuries no Christian could be present at the theatre without forfeiting his religious position and privileges, and no actor could be baptized without first renouncing his profession. But if the authorities of the Church were unsparing in their denunciation of heathen solemnities, they were too wise to ignore the human instincts to which the drama appeals. They put forward *Mysteries* of their own as a counter-attraction to those of the old superstitions, and thus the Christian drama grew up by degrees on the ruins of the Greek theatre. During the ages of persecution there was comparatively little scope for such a process of development; yet even then a considerable dramatic element may be traced in the earliest Christian liturgies, and the modes of celebrating the greater Church festivals. And no sooner did the Church emerge from the Catacombs than we find not only a rapid elaboration of ceremonial splendour in worship, but also direct attempts to compete with the Greek tragedians on their own ground. An early in-

stance of this is given in the "Dying Christ" of St. Chrysostom, which was acted in church at Constantinople, partly in *tableaux vivants* and partly by dialogue. St. Gregory Nazianzen was another sacred dramatist. A solemn dance is still performed at Easter before the high altar of the cathedral at Seville, which is said to recall the movements of a Greek chorus. It was thus in the East that these religious plays originated, and they were only imported at a later date, probably by the Crusaders, into Western Europe. There are, however, records of convent plays in Germany as early as the time of Charlemagne, though the earliest specimen of such compositions still preserved is a manuscript of twelve dramas written in Terentian Latin by Hrotsvitha, abbess of Gandersheim in the tenth century, and performed in her convent, as we are told, "to the delight and edification of the nuns." Such representations soon became popular all over Europe, and nowhere more so than in England. It may be interesting to notice more particularly the "Mysteries" performed in our own country and in Germany. Strictly speaking, it should be said, that "Miracle" or "Mystery Play" designates a representation based on the Lives of the Saints, as distinguished from the "Passion Play," which represented the sufferings of Christ; but the distinction of terms is not always adhered to.

Matthew Paris tells us that the story of St. Catherine was dramatized by one Geoffrey, master of a school at Dunstable, afterwards Abbot of St. Albans, and acted by his boys early in the twelfth century. But the earliest play which has come down to us is the *Harrowing of Hell*, composed in Latin two centuries later, in which the principal *dramatis persona* are our Lord, Satan, Adam and Eve. The so-called "Chester Mysteries," of about a century later again, are the best known of the English Miracle Plays. They include both a tragic and comic element, and in fact these performances seem always to have a tendency, especially in England, to degenerate into such coarse buffoonery as Longfellow has sought to reproduce in his *Golden Legend*. This was no doubt one element of their popularity, but it also led to their often being placed under the ban of ecclesiastical authority. Bishop Grandison, of Exeter, expressly forbade them as early as 1360. But they were too popular both with the Court and the masses to be easily put down. Edward III. was passionately addicted to such spectacles, and appears to have himself taken part in them, if we may judge from an inventory of articles used in a play acted at Guildford at Christmas 1347, which includes mention of "a harness of white buckram, inlaid with silver—namely, a tunic and shield, with the King's motto, 'Hay, hay, the Wythe Swan, by God's soul I am thy man, for the use of the King himself.' To the Miracle Plays succeeded "Moralties," in which abstract qualities—Justice, Mercy, and the like—were personified, and these in turn led to the representation of real persons on the stage. In the fierce contests of the Reformation, the drama, like the pulpit, was eagerly appropriated by both sides for purposes of mutual attack. The marriage of Luther with a nun was satirized in a Latin Morality at Gray's Inn in 1529. So profane and indecent were some of the controversial plays of the Reforming party that they were forbidden by the Privy Council, not only under Henry VIII. and Mary, but even under the orthodox sway of the "B. Edward VI.," on pain of imprisonment. But they held their ground nevertheless down to the time of Charles I. There are indeed old men still living who can remember seeing something of the sort in their childhood in remote country districts of England, as for instance in Cornwall. We have said that these Miracle Plays were at first always in Latin. They came, however, before long to be translated into the vernacular both in England and Germany. One of the earliest of the German Mysteries is the *Lament of the Virgin*, which was acted in Church on Good Friday, and to this succeeded afterwards the "Passion Plays," representing the death and resurrection of Christ. In the fourteenth century the performances were transferred from the church to the street and market-place, and the number of actors largely increased. There is a curious history attached to one of the most famous of these early German plays, the *Tragedy of the Ten Virgins*, which was performed at Eisenach in 1332, to celebrate the restoration of peace. The Landgrave Frederick, named the Joyful, was present, and was terribly alarmed and angered by the close of the drama, where the Foolish Virgins are represented as appealing in vain to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and finally thrust down into hell, notwithstanding her entreaties to her Son to pardon them. "What means this, if God will not pity us even when Mary and the Saints intercede?" he exclaimed. His fright and indignation threw him into a fit of apoplexy, from which he never recovered till his death two years afterwards. So painfully realistic did these Passion Plays become in Germany, that in one acted at Metz in 1437 the priest who took the principal part nearly died of exhaustion on the cross, and another priest who represented Judas narrowly escaped hanging himself. The Crucifixion is still found very trying to the principal performer at Ammergau, who has to remain some twenty minutes on the cross, and a younger actor had to be substituted in consequence last year for the person who had taken that part in the three previous celebrations of the decennial solemnity.

It is remarkable that this solitary remaining memorial of the old Miracle Plays is of comparatively recent origin. In 1633 a deadly plague raged in the Ammerthal, and within three weeks eighty-four of the small community were corpses. The inhabitants then made a solemn vow that, if God would hear their prayer and remove the pestilence, they would every tenth year, in

thankfulness for His mercies, represent the sufferings of the Redeemer. It is said that not a single death occurred after this vow was made, and it has been religiously observed ever since. The King of Bavaria has to give his sanction every time for the performance, and in 1810 an attempt was made to put it down by a general prohibition of all Miracle Plays. The inhabitants sent a deputation to Munich to plead their cause before King Louis, but in vain; he was, however, induced to relent by the intervention of his chaplain, and no difficulty has occurred since to disturb the periodical recurrence of the solemnity. It usually lasts from Whitsuntide till the end of September, being repeated on most of the intervening Sundays. On one previous occasion it was interrupted, as last year, by the performers being summoned to join the army, and the omitted representations were supplied in the following summer. It is a remarkable circumstance that of some sixty actors who were called away last year to the war, only seven have been killed, and none of those taking any important part are included among the slain. It is only of late years that the Passion Play has attracted any large attendance of foreign spectators. That its growing popularity may not injure that devout simplicity, combined with singular artistic excellence, which constitutes its special charm, is rather to be desired than confidently expected. One can hardly read without a shudder that Mr. Cook has organized an expedition to Ober-Ammergau for this summer. To be sure he had already led a band of pilgrims both to Rome and Jerusalem; but localities consecrated by the undying associations, whether of secular or sacred story, are beyond even his power to profane. Let us hope that the primitive purity of the Ammergau Passion Play may survive, at least for a while longer, the ominous incursion of the British tourist.

THE PROBABLE RETROGRESSION OF WOMEN.

CAN we hope that our readers will appreciate a sincere effort to avoid originality, or at least to restrict ourselves to the novelty of reaffirming certain truths which seem to be pretty generally forgotten? We may, however, claim some credit if we endeavour to write of the insurgent women of the day without sarcasm, sermonizing, or flattery. Nor must the public be bored if we recur very seriously to the discussion of the difficulties of women in the present stage of European progress—or it may be decadence. Eve's position is just now trying, considering the temper of her highly civilized Adam. Vain of his inventions, he is impatient of the discrepancies too evident between scientific and social advance. He cannot cast the slough of hereditary vice and passion by chemical or biological methods, so he falls to trying if experiment, bold use of the imagination, and other means that have assisted his physical triumphs, may not find for him a royal road to universal welfare. The more our "masses" seem threatened by an over luxuriant "progress," the more we try what new customs and new legislation will do to help us at least to moderate certain noxious undergrowths. Foreign communities have as yet fortunately supplied most of the materials for experiment, and the failure of many plausible schemes abroad has usefully checked our philanthropic ardour, but the ever increasing difference between our wealth and our welfare leaves us hankering for contrivances to lessen the friction of the situation. As yet it would seem probable that we have but increased it by indulging ourselves in conceit of our omnipotence and in contempt for the method of our forefathers. We are extraordinarily clever, it is true, at mechanical adjustments, but they will not remedy moral disease; and even if they did, we never find that schemes for righting wrongs are as eagerly accepted as schemes for the manufacture of new gunpowder, pure petroleum, London butter, paying lodging-houses, or other triumphs of the period.

Here and there the cracks in our social edifice yawn so significantly that we feverishly try to plaster them up, but the passion of the day for every variety of reform is more a sign of conscious disorganization than of healthy energy. And the alterations clamoured for in the position of women, the quack cures suggested for the miseries of their present struggle with circumstance, are among the ugliest symptoms of serious social disorder. Their restlessness, though happily not as yet general, is, we take it, a mark of their deterioration. Not advance but retrogression is indicated by their assumption of men's work and their boast of masculine power. We acknowledge the isolation and uselessness of thousands among them, but this is no argument for further disruption of home and wresting of the feminine faculties. That women should suffer as they do comes of complicated causes, some evident and some obscure. Thousands of families are out of gear; wives are beaten by drunken husbands, daughters are sold or driven out of their fathers' houses. Starvation or vice, baby-farming or other unlegalized professions, seem the necessary prospect of the undomesticated women who prowl in our byways. Victims of commercial pressure, ignorance, and in some cases of a lying literature, their religious instincts crushed by the dense atheism of those who form their society, they are the saddest sight and most puzzling problem of our world. But what will be gained by further unsexing them, and encouraging their less muscular frames and smaller brains to a competition with men, which the Society for preventing cruelty should really interfere to stop? Certainly some women are superior to many men, but there is abundant work for such exceptional persons in the better fulfilment of those duties by which

women have so largely contributed to the development of mankind. If, in search of pastures new, capable women abandon the field in which they have hitherto, and successfully, worked, who shall prophesy the result? Slight checks may seriously affect the prospects of a race in the severe struggle of humanity, and if our better halves alter the conditions which have raised us from the condition of orang-outangs, a relapse into savagery is quite possible. It is true that the fair sex will enjoy that equality of labour, if not that excess of it, which will quickly remove from it the reproach of unfairness. We do not think, however, that enfranchisement in manners will secure personal respect, nor have the late events in Paris given us hope that women will attain even ephemeral independence by throwing off the restraints of pre-moval custom. In vain, even for momentary license, can women agree in weakening the marriage tie and in denial of the family, which, until we fall back to the twilight of arboreal existence, remains the true unit of life and the condition of progress among men. When the plant is injured at the root, the flowers droop first, and the earliest consequence of social disorder is the suffering of women.

And our women are suffering. The insurgent and the degraded females of whom we hear so much are at once a result and a cause of serious mischief. Ridicule and sermonizing have been tried on the domestic revolutionists, but, as Bloomerism is not a mere caprice of fashion, those weapons are insufficient. The general revolt against authority, which is active just now wherever there exists misery and suffering, has infected at last some among our women. Not in vain has the snare of "equality" been set for them, and, dangerously docile where their leaders assume to be angels of light, they are now redder than the Reds in misuse of the word liberty.

Far from undervaluing the part played by women in the history of our race, we think them more powerful than men to disturb the deeper foundations of order, as they have probably been more powerful to insinuate custom and to mould the first impressions of the young. It has been said that our more recent development has tended to reduce the inequalities of the sexes and to confuse their several duties. So much the more should we react against this tendency if it be also true that hitherto the advance of our race has been marked by an increasing diversity between men and women, which makes one, not the contradiction, but the complement of the other. The lower we go among savage tribes, the less of this diversity there would seem to be; so that it appears to be a direct retrogression to assimilate the work of the highly-developed woman to that of her mate; and if perfection is to be the aim of our efforts, it will be best advanced by further divergence of male and female characteristics. It would appear, then, to be rash to labour in another direction, however plausible the immediate object. The agitation for women's so-called emancipation should be strenuously resisted, lest we come to see such disintegration of family life, such reversal of women's right action, as shall leave us, to quote eloquent words, a population of "unattached individuals, the fine dust of a social desert, incapable of being built into anything, and the prey of whirlwinds."

These are bad times for women, and faith and courage are needed to steer them through the troubles that drive them to despairing self-assertion. When it can be said of obedience, by a distinguished thinker, that it is an unfortunate necessity of human life, when the source of all just and benign authority, the family, is called a "school of despotism," and when humility, patience, and reverence are reckoned sycophancy, we cannot wonder that women do not shine with the singular lustre that was once confessed in them when these virtues were judged useful to the commonwealth. The current of "modern thought" does not favour women. Their constitution has not profited as have the qualities of men by the material progress of the century. This is no reproach to them, but they would do well to resist that passionate impatience of the fact which would escape from its consequences by further disturbance of laws to which we owe our place in the struggle of races. Contempt for obedience and the disrepute of beauty cannot, we hope, last long. Passing events should renew respect for discipline, and the ruins of Paris are timely illustrations of a society where the springs of authority and law are poisoned, where the family and its obligations are directly attacked, and where domestic virtues, of which women are the missionaries, are treated as superstitions. We have here avoided appeal to revealed sanctions and warnings, nor have we pointed our moral by examples of what has been done by Christian teaching concerning perfect womanhood, noblest when meekest, most powerful when most obedient, *speculum justitiae* because *mater amabilis*, and *sedes sapientiae* by virtue of humility. It is perhaps prudent in the temper of the times not to presuppose religious faith in women, but to ascribe to them that equality in free-thinking which is claimed for them. At any rate we urge the fullest training of women's faculties. By defect rather than by excess of instruction they mistake their way to higher development. Ignorance, not learning, leads them to contradict the converging testimony whether of Holy Writ or Mr. Darwin, of Pagan or of Christian lawgivers. The insurrection of women is a fringe of the red flag that has been flying so insolently over the city where marriage has been decreed unnecessary, fatherhood obsolete, and where women have fully attained those hideous rights for which they blindly clamour. It is certainly time to condemn every step towards the individualization of women lest they become viragos, and their orphaned children the *gamins* of the gutter. The latent folly which would destroy

family ties is but an introduction to the madness of the Paris incendiaries.

Meantime, in those rare cases where meddling with custom may procure lasting relief, every measure for women's benefit should be urgently pushed. There is among us abundant male brutality and domestic martyrdom, but will Acts of Parliament deliver women from their share of evil? Might not the deburialization of husbands be a wiser project than the denaturalization of wives? Probably some men learn egotism and tyranny at home, but the legalized insubordination of their womankind would hardly soften that dominance of strength to which, grimace as we will, we must yield till leopards and cockatoos become harmless. The displacement of women means more than those perennial victims are directly concerned in. It means the disparagement of particular virtues which are inconvenient to the experiments in which "modern thought" would indulge. By their support, conscious or unconscious, of the fifth commandment, women largely promote the observance of the others; and the whole order of the family, which, as we have seen, is specially an object of socialist attack, is contained in the precept to honour father and mother. Highly developed women are the most numerous, if not the chief, exemplars of that courage to endure and obey, that enthusiasm which finds expression in unselfish and patient love, that hereditary and almost instinctive repugnance to evil which is so valuable a counterpoise to the hereditary vice of our dangerous classes. They are teachers of subordination, and to secure the desired insubordination of mankind their influence must be undermined by International and the like Societies. Probably the most rapid way to disable her whose mission it is to crush the serpent's head is the attempt to unsex her which we see being urged in all "advanced" communities. That there is a serpent somewhere seems hardly doubtful, considering the ill fate of each Utopia, Communist or other, in which, with sanguine scepticism, his presence is denied.

If women are to do half, or even a third, of men's work, men must to the same extent abdicate their duties, which indeed they appear willingly to shirk since the invention of that unmitigated idleness which comes of riches that bring with them no necessary labour beyond the quarterly signature of the annuitant's name. In presence of his continuous holiday we cannot wonder that working men, untrained to the kindly industry of home, unlearned in the happiness of family economy, are yearly becoming lazier and more discontentedly mechanical. It may not be long before women will need even more than now all their womanliness to help in the reconstruction of society in Western Europe; but as it is, there is pressing call for all their energies. The attack on marriage, the isolation and division that our system of trade tends to produce in families, misapprehension of justice and liberty, and the incitements of a press interested in social disturbance, have weakened women's confidence in themselves. The pressure of existence is specially severe on them just now, and to thousands it seems a mockery to talk of home or family. Pauperism, the use of lodging-houses, and many like causes, have taken from the unmarried the resource of domestic work; but will help be found in further dislocation of family relations? They become impossible if women will not take their place in the group which is the corner-stone of civilization, the natural school of duty, and the fountain of law. To shelter it from the friction of the times, to strengthen its influence, should be the aim of all who are interested in English safety; and as men remain very ignorant of the yet distinct sex, it would be well if right-thinking women gave all the help they can to those who are wounded and borne down in the battle of womanhood. Meantime, whether women turn traitors to their cause or not, no outrages from unemployed spinsters or tormented wives should tempt us to meddle with what revelation, science, and experience declare to be a necessary condition of the prosperity of mankind. To discourage subordination in women, to countenance their competition in masculine careers by way of their enfranchisement, is probably among the shortest methods of barbarizing our race.

THE ORACLE SPEAKS.

IT is no wonder that the present Papacy stands in solitary dignity. Pius IX. is the first Pontiff who celebrates his Jubilee; and he makes it clear that no institution could survive a Pope attaining a quarter of a century of spiritual reign. The old cynical argument that Christianity must be Divine because it can outlive the vices and crimes of its professors may perhaps be transferred with double force as enhancing the unearthly character of the Papacy. The personal infallibility of the Pope receives at least some confirmation when it is impossible to deny that Pius IX., the favourite of Heaven—if at least length of days, as in old time, augurs the Divine blessing—is certainly not of this world. We approach His Holiness's reply to the foreign Catholics with considerable diffidence—Allocution, perhaps, is the proper word, for both name and substance of such an address ought to be *en generis*. We say that we have difficulties about this especial address. All oracles are difficult and obscure, but their unearthly claims attract some sort of reverence. But this is, since Apostolic days, the first Christian oracle, at least the first personal oracle. Councils speak, so they declare, as they are moved by the Holy Spirit. When Rome has hitherto pronounced on appeals, *causa finita est*. Hitherto all this has been accepted, some of it by the whole Church, some of it in the Roman obedience. But now we

have from the Vatican Council got to the personal infallibility of the Patriarch of Rome. If, as even Romanists are bound to admit, the late Council did not decree personal infallibility, it announced nothing at all. Hence the peculiar interest which attaches to the first *effata* of the sole repository and organ of the Divine Counsels. It is not a man who henceforth speaks from the Sacred—that is, his own library—Chair, but Something Superhuman; and his talk is certainly superhuman.

All along, and from other than religious aspects, not only as the representative of the long line of the successors of St. Peter, but as the last of many sovereign princes, much interest, though perhaps of a secular and historical and political character, would attach to the language and bearing of the Pope at the present moment. His position would attract the widest interest. Even to those who think the Temporal Power a great mistake, as well as to those who look at it as a crime against society, the evil days of Pius IX. ought not to excite vulgar taunts or a sordid and ungenerous triumph. That position is certainly pathetic, and might be made sublime. Affecting it cannot but be. De-throned tyrants, of far worse character than any Pope, in the hour of their degradation have generally attracted, even if they have not deserved, some sign of commiseration. We almost pity Nero in his last hours of humiliation. All sorts of courses were open to the present Pope, when secluded to his narrow strip of dominion across the Tiber. He might have accepted facts, thrown himself upon his hierarchical character, elevated as that has been by his recent assumption of Divinity, and, like his brother in Thibet, have secluded himself in the fastnesses of his spiritual retreat, and, unseen of men, have addressed the world only in ghostly utterances. We are not aware that the Dalai Lama concerns himself with anything so mundane as the politics of Tartary or the rebellions in China. Or, again, the Pope, if he considers the temporality a gift of heaven, and that he was Sovereign and King by Divine Right, might have fallen back upon this lofty position, and have summoned a crusade of the faithful to rescue the Holy City from the sacrilegious hands of Victor Emmanuel. The ridiculous even in this case might nearly have touched the sublime. Or, again, His Holiness might have assumed, not without dramatic effect, the engaging character of injured innocence. The spectacle of the brave man struggling with adverse fortune is one dear to many, and those very natural, sympathies. It is not without dignity; and Popes have displayed dignity. A late Pope at Fontainebleau, when subjected to personal indignity, and, as is believed, personal violence, at the hands of Napoleon I., knew how to be dignified. When the Constable Bourbon sacked Rome, the Pope neither cringed nor sulked nor babbled. Or, once more, like Telephus and Peleus, exiled kings have often eschewed sounding talk, and have delighted to express themselves in the language and to carry themselves with the bearing of touching, if enforced, humility. Not so is it with the Vicegerent of Heaven. His ways are not as the ways of men. His Holiness, as we have said, has recently addressed the faithful; to some he has spoken perhaps *en famille*, but still he has spoken. No doubt there was something to suggest the domestic and familiar tone. Lord Gainsborough and the deputation of English Catholic ladies, while they represent the successful mission to the gentlefolk of London, at the same time do not so much differ from those pleasant tea-parties assembled in an English parish to present the rector with a writing-desk, a pair of slippers, and a purse of sovereigns, on completing the twentieth year of his useful pastorate. But the Pope has indulged in other utterances. He is all things to all men. With an admirable versatility he combines the council-chamber and the tea-table; and he ranges playfully from utterances as those of Sinai to the pleasant talk of an affable septuagenarian of society. He addresses France and Belgium, and he addresses the family circle of the Noels. Nor is this all. In his most solemn hour he relapses into the familiar; in his canny hour of ease he veils his unearthly dignity. Speaking to the French deputation, and by inference to the French people, he announces a great, and to many people a new, truth. In fact, it is a revelation. As such it is unspeakably important, and as an infallible Pope, the personal representative of Providence on earth, has that exclusive familiarity with the ways and judgments of God which is not given to men, we are bound to accept it. It is thus spoken, not in the "familiar conversational tone" into which, when he gets into his personal anecdotes, the Pope condescends to lapse, but "in a solemn tone." "There is in France a more formidable evil than the Revolution, more formidable than the Commune, with its men let loose from hell, who fling fire about Paris—and this is"—What, we ask in all amazement, what can be worse than devils let loose from hell? Lord Shaftesbury perhaps would say, *Ecce Homo!* But a Christian priest might perhaps have some warrant in saying that it was Atheism, or Infidelity, or the denial of Christianity. Not so, pronounces the Pope; not such, according to the Pope as the depositary of the purpose of Heaven, is the judgment of Heaven. "This is Catholic Liberalism"—worse than the Revolution, worse than the Commune, worse than the people who have not only written Atheism on their programme, but have desecrated churches, sacrilegiously defiled the vessels of the Temple, murdered priests and an Archbishop in cold blood, burned to ashes much of the fairest city and the most priceless treasures in Europe, and concluded a reign of terror and blood by a catastrophe of arson and pillage; these things and this monster are not so formidable an evil as the Catholic Liberalism—let us say—Montalembert, Darboy, Dupanloup, and Döllin-

ger, and Father Hyacinthe. The men who profess the creeds of Christianity, and who live the life of Christianity, who believe one and all the doctrines of eighteen centuries, who accept the privileges and primacy of Peter as they were understood even less than two years ago, are worse than the murderers of Darboy and the incendiaries of the Commune. Such are the behests, and such the verdict of Heaven, according to their sole and infallible interpreter.

And lest there should be any doubt as to the intentions of Heaven and the *Judicia Dei*, the Pope emphasizes his exhortation by drawing a contrast between France and Belgium. To the Belgian deputation His Holiness observes that the peace which has been granted to Belgium in the midst of the storm which has been blowing around that Goschen in Europe is perhaps due to their prayers—"at all events, it is their love to the Papacy which has preserved them." Belgium is in peace because of its Ultramontanism—France in flames because of its Liberal Catholicism. The Archbishop of Paris is murdered because of his Liberal Catholicism—Brussels flourishes because of its love for the Papacy. Now we must say frankly, with all deference to the good Pope, who knows so much more about the purposes of the Eternal than we do, that if this is the course of Providence, Providence does not act by what is understood as the moral law. Belgium blessed because of its love for the Papacy, blessed too with temporal prosperity, which we are not taught by the Sermon on the Mount to be exactly a credential of the favour of Heaven; and Germany and its Protestantism also blessed, but for the very opposite reason! Or is it that political affliction is to the eldest son of the Church a merciful chastisement, and to the sons of Luther a disguised curse? If the same thing is at once a judgment and a blessing, if the same fountain pours out in this way sweet waters and bitter, we certainly want a perpetual and constant interpreter of Providence to tell us what Providence means; and in this sense and for this object an infallible interpreter has not been vouchsafed us too soon. We may perhaps conclude by suggesting another point on which the Infallible may enlighten us. If temporal prosperity is, as in the case of Belgium, a mark of Divine favour, what about the collapse of the Temporal Power in Rome? If the humiliation of France is a judicial censure on Liberal Catholicism, what are we to make of the humiliation of the States of the Church and of the Church incarnate?

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE TRAMWAY QUESTION.

THE objections to the introduction of tramways into the crowded thoroughfares of London are so overwhelming and conclusive that it was impossible to doubt what would be the decision of the House of Commons when the question was clearly set before it. The rejection of the Private Bill of the London Street Tramway Company has this week been followed up by a refusal to confirm the first of the provisional orders of the Board of Trade authorising new lines of this kind in the metropolis. The other orders have been postponed, and it may be presumed that after this emphatic expression of opinion on the part of the House the Board will not persevere with them. It is obvious that a distinction must be drawn between tramways in town and in the suburbs. A mode of conveyance which may be suitable and advantageous on a broad open road, where there is no continuous flow of traffic, would be an insufferable and dangerous nuisance in the comparatively narrow and already congested streets of London. It has been mentioned in debate that in New York the Broad-way has been preserved from any invasion of this kind; but the fact is, we believe, that a tramway was once laid down there, but was almost immediately taken up, having been found to be quite intolerable in such a situation. Nothing can be more preposterous than the proposal to hand over a number of important thoroughfares to a Board of speculators, for their private use and profit, to the constant annoyance and peril of other people. It is an insult to engineering skill to suppose that this primitive and barbarous mode of locomotion is the best that can be devised. The tramway is only a revival of the old "way-leave" which was in use before the invention of the locomotive-engine and the establishment of the railway system. Even admitting that the convenience of the majority is entitled in such a case to override every other consideration, it must first be shown that it cannot be provided for in any other way, without interfering with the freedom of the public thoroughfares. The analogy between the tramways and the railways cannot be sustained, for the railways were constructed on ground purchased for the purpose, and left the stage-coaches and canal-boats to pursue their course unmolested. If the latter have suffered, it has been only through the effects of legitimate competition. Equal freedom for all kinds of vehicles must be jealously guarded as the rule of the road. On a good level highway of asphalté, or some such substance, large omnibuses with broad wheels would run as smoothly as the tramway-cars, while other traffic would move about as freely as at present. The paramount objection to the tramways is that practically they involve a monopoly of the public highways, to the extent at least of a first right to them, all other vehicles being bound to get out of their way, and be content with their leavings, as it were. Just as in former days a haughty lord and his retainers would claim the "crown of the causeway," and compel everybody else to take to the wall, so the Tramway Companies now insist that they have a title to the free unimpeded use of the middle of the road, the other traffic being left to shift

for itself as best it can. Freedom of circulation in the streets is of course only to be maintained by a constant series of mutual compromises and concessions. Every one must give way at times, check or quicken his pace, turn now on one side, now on another, and thread his way as occasion serves through the throng of traffic. If everybody insisted on moving straight ahead in a direct line, there would be a dead lock immediately. What has yet to be shown is why the Tramway Companies should be exempt from the ordinary terms on which the roads are open to the public, and be invested with a despotic superiority over the rest of the world. Even where the Tramway Companies are most popular, they represent only a small minority of the multitude who daily use the roads. No doubt a great many people travel by the tramway, but a very much larger number find other means of locomotion more pleasant or convenient; and there is a curious impertinence in the claim that the latter should be thrust aside in the interest of the former.

Parliament was undoubtedly remiss in passing so loose and comprehensive a measure as the General Tramways Act of last Session; but it is satisfactory to find that it is now alive to the dangerous nature of the powers so recklessly conferred, and is determined to limit their operation. It may be assumed that the House of Commons will persist in its recent decisions, and that, for the present at least, the extension of the tramways into the crowded streets of London has been effectually arrested. It would, however, prove a singular ignorance of the character of the speculative promoters of these undertakings to suppose that we shall hear no more of them. Moreover a disposition has been shown in certain quarters to give a political aspect to the question, and to excite party prejudices. Even if these particular measures are not again brought forward, we must be prepared for other proposals of the same type, involving a similar sacrifice of individual rights to some supposed necessities of public convenience, and establishing a despotism of a most vexatious and mischievous kind. Mr. Mundella very absurdly and perversely described the question at issue in the case of the tramways as one between the gentleman's carriage and the plebeian omnibus, as if the former sought to run the latter off the road, whereas the very reverse is the case. It is the tramway car which insists on assuming such a shape and moving in such a manner that no other vehicle can conveniently or safely use the highway which it seeks to monopolize. Another member identified the tramway van with "the spirit of the age." This is one of a class of delightful phrases, which, if it had been invented in his time, Bentham would certainly have included in his well-known chapter on standards of right and wrong. It is own brother to "moral sense" and "fitness of things." Everybody knows what a man means when he begins to talk of the "spirit of the age." He means simply that what he happens to think right and proper must straightway be accepted as such without any waste of time in argument and reasoning. It is to be feared, however, that in this instance the phrase has a more extended application than it is usually entitled to claim. Unfortunately the pretensions which are involved in the tramway system are really endorsed by a considerable body of people, and have even been adopted into the political creed of a certain section of the Liberal, or rather we should say the democratic, party; for anything more opposed to Liberalism in any genuine or natural sense it is impossible to imagine. The old maxim that the welfare of the people is the supreme law, and the modern rendering of it as to the "greatest happiness of the greatest number," must of course be reckoned among the commonplaces of constitutional doctrine. No reasonable person would dream of disputing them, but it is obvious that they are capable of more than one interpretation, and everything depends upon the particular sense in which they are understood. The "people" in its first and proper sense implies the whole of a community, but in the cant of parties it is usually limited to a special class. Again, the greatest happiness of the greatest number may refer either to the intensity of happiness or the number of persons among whom it is distributed. In other words, if money were happiness, would the greatest happiness consist in the equal division of the whole sum in petty shares among the whole community, or its allotment in various amounts, some of them very large and attainable only on certain conditions? Inasmuch as happiness consists quite as much in aspiration and expectation as in actual possession, it is clearly a narrow and inadequate view to regard the greatest amount of happiness as necessarily implying a low equality throughout society; but what may be called the democratic view points, of course, the other way. Mr. Mundella was true to Communist principles in setting the gentleman's coach against the working-man's omnibus, and insisting that the former must be sacrificed to the latter. Even on numerical grounds, the claim of the omnibus to a monopoly of the road breaks down; for, in the first place, it cannot be pretended that a larger number of persons would travel by the tramway than by other conveyances of one kind or another; and, in the next place, even if the tramway had a majority in this respect, there are a great many more people who walk than all the people who ride put together. The pedestrians, as the most numerous class, have therefore, on this principle, a right to the exclusive use of the highway, since it is obvious that carts and carriages not only incommoded them very much, but expose them to the unpleasantness of splashing and the danger of being ridden over. Thus the greatest happiness of the greatest number, as construed from the democratic point of view, leads us irresistibly to the conclusion that all traffic on wheels

ought to be suppressed, and the roads surrendered to those who are content with the means of locomotion with which nature has provided them. A *reductio ad absurdum* could hardly be more complete, and it is a sufficient answer to the numerical argument in favour of the tramways. But it may be doubted whether the absurdity would be admitted by all classes of the great democracy. Mr. Mundella and his friends rail at the bloated millionaire in his carriage, but behind and below them are the more logical and resolute socialists, who are equally prepared to protest against the luxurious clerk or pampered artisan who insults the simple life of the people by ostentatiously riding in an omnibus.

The introduction of the "spirit of the age" into the discussion of the tramways was, no doubt, a confession of the weakness of the case on its own merits; but if the question is to be widened, it is as well to observe the principle which underlies such projects, and the extent to which it must logically be carried if it is once accepted. The great democratic idea is that of a society reduced to a dead level, if not of faculties and accomplishments, at least of enjoyment and possessions; and this is the direction in which the gentlemen who are so fond of prating of the rights of the people and the spirit of the age are anxious that we should move more rapidly. Mr. Mill has remarked on the fact that in the United States the resentment of the majority at any indications of a more showy or costly style of living than they can hope to rival operates as a kind of sumptuary law, so that in some parts of the Union it is said to be difficult for a rich man to find any mode of spending his money without giving offence. We have only, he adds, to suppose a considerable diffusion of Socialist opinions, and it may become infamous in the eyes of the majority to possess more property than a very small amount, or any income not earned by manual labour. The existence of only one class of carriage on American railways may probably be traced to the same feeling, though the rule has lately been relaxed by the introduction of sleeping berths for those who can afford them, a concession which we may expect to find denounced as the sign of a degenerate democracy. In our own country the Trade Unionist rules for preserving uniformity of wages and preventing "chasing," or, in other words, smart workmanship, point in a similar direction. It would be ridiculous to suppose that the immediate promoters of the tramways have any other object in view than to gain money by the monopoly they are seeking to acquire, but the instincts of the member for Sheffield did not mislead him when he endeavoured to make political capital out of the subject. The principle on which the tramways are advocated is applicable to a great many other things. It is quite possible to conceive the whole of society regulated on the tramway system, a low standard of comfort and enjoyment being established as the normal rule of life, and everything above it and beyond it permitted only on sufferance, if permitted at all. The tramway omnibus is the type of existence under such conditions. It is assumed that everybody wants to go the same way, at the same pace, and has no objection to travel in a mob. If anybody is perverse enough to have a fancy for going either quicker or slower, for taking a cross cut, or desires to enjoy a little more freedom and isolation in his movements, so much the worse for him. It must be either a wicked pride or morbid delicacy not to relish being closely wedged, on a wet day for example, in a mass of moist and steaming humanity. Such persons must be regarded, in the language of the International, as "socially and even physiologically *effete*," and no account need be taken of them. In this ideal all the excellencies and refinements of life, everything that rises above the common wants or faculties of the multitude, must be shunted in order to make way for a utilitarian uniformity adapted to the most vulgar instincts and the lowest needs. In itself a gentleman's carriage is a very small matter, but it represents an indispensable element in our civilization. The possibility of rising to a more refined and generous condition of life supplies a wholesome stimulus to all classes of society. If the philosopher had not been swallowed up in the Radical politician, Mr. Mill might have been expected to lift his voice against these attacks on the individuality and freedom of development to which he justly attaches so much importance. The despotism of a jealous uniformity is surely the most offensive and degrading of all tyrannies. The proposal that everybody who does not choose to travel on the tramway, but for reasons of pleasure or business prefers a gig, a cab, or carriage, must run the risk of having the wheels of his vehicle wrenched off or being ridden down by the huge car of the metropolitan Juggernaut, is monstrous enough when advanced on commercial grounds, and is certainly not improved when advocated as a measure of social reform.

THE COLONIAL ARMY OF AUSTRALIA.

A SHORT time ago we showed how the Dominion of Canada had successfully solved the military problem which has so much vexed the soul of Mr. Cardwell, and which is in this country still in a most unsatisfactory condition. We now propose to acquaint our readers with what has been done by the different Australian Colonies in the way of self-defence. In contrasting the wonderful results achieved by Canada with the youthful efforts of Australia, it is only fair to bear in mind that there is as yet no federation of the colonies in the latter country, that the population of each of them is comparatively small—the aggregate of population in all of them not equaling that of the Canadian Dominion—that the colonies are only in their youth; and, finally, that it was not till

1852 that New South Wales finally got rid of the canker of convicts. It will be found, however, on examination that the Australian Colonies have liberally and effectually performed the duties imposed on them by their virtual independence of Imperial control. We may add that in physique the Volunteers of Australia are superior to either the Canadian volunteer or the British linesman, that their discipline is equal to that of the Canadian Volunteers, and far superior to that of our own. The military spirit of the Australian colonists is beyond all praise, and they yield to none in loyalty to our common Sovereign; indeed, if they are not alienated by the coldness and indifference of political doctrinaires and utilitarians in England, it seems probable that, when in this country attachment to the Sovereign shall have been destroyed by that republican feeling which is now sapping our Constitution, the only true monarchists of English origin will be found in our colonies. We are justly proud of our Volunteer movement, but as Canada had the start of us in military organization, so Australia was beforehand with us as regards the formation of Volunteer corps. In 1854 a Volunteer Act was passed in New South Wales; but the colony being in no danger of invasion, having no internal foes like New Zealand, and no dangers to apprehend from conterminous State, but little martial enthusiasm existed. There was, moreover, an Imperial force in the colony quite sufficient for all its military necessities. The consequence was that volunteering was looked on as a sham; the regulars sneered at the movement, and the colonists themselves followed their example; and the Government, finding that they were somewhat in advance of public opinion, quietly allowed the matter to slumber. A Volunteer corps, however, was about this time formed in Victoria, which corps may be considered the parent of the present Australian Volunteer force. We may here mention, as an illustration of the inherent military spirit of the colonists and their strong sympathy with the mother-country, that during the Crimean war they made a formal offer to the Imperial Government to raise, equip, and maintain at their own expense a regiment 1,000 strong, to be forwarded to Europe for service against the Russians. The offer was gratefully declined, but it is only due to those who made it that the fact of its having been made should be placed upon record.

Victoria, though younger as an independent Government than New South Wales, possesses the largest Volunteer force of any of our Australian Colonies. The population, according to the latest returns, numbers 731,370 souls, and the local military force numbers about 40,000 men. This force consists of 270 Naval Reserve men; six troops of cavalry, each numbering 42 sabres; nine Artillery corps; one corps of Engineers; and 13 corps of Rifles, all of 150 men each. The Naval Reserve is intended to man the *Cerberus*, iron-clad ram which defends the mouth of Melbourne Harbour, of the cost of which the Colony contributed 25,000*l.*, the Imperial Government paying the remaining 100,000*l.* The rest of the defensive forces are, it will be observed, organized in corps, some of which are commanded by captains, some by majors. When called out for training or other purposes, several of these corps are united and placed under the command of a lieutenant-colonel belonging to the Volunteer staff. The artillery are trained to both garrison and field battery work, the horses for the field batteries being supplied by a contractor. The drill of the Volunteers is, as a rule, carried on as follows:—Companies, or corps as they are termed, drill always once and generally twice a week in the district drill-rooms erected partly by subscription, partly by the capitulation allowance. Battalion drill takes place as often as possible, two or three neighbouring corps meeting for the purpose at some central spot, the commandant of the district taking the command. Brigade drill takes place on the occasion of any of the general holidays so frequent in Australia; the corps of several adjacent districts being then drilled by the Commandant of the Colonial Forces. The discipline is at all times strict, the Volunteers when called out by the Governor being subject to the Mutiny Act, and, when attending or going to or from ordinary training, being liable to be punished for any misconduct in accordance with the Governor's military regulations, which an Act passed last December empowers him to make. Every year at Easter all the Volunteer corps near Melbourne are brought into camp for a week's training, and during that time the daily routine of camp life is carried on exactly as it would be by regular troops. In addition to the Volunteer force Victoria also possesses the nucleus of a standing army, in the shape of a small artillery force, mainly composed at present of men who have served in the regular army. This force, which is permanently kept up, consists of fourteen non-commissioned officers, sixty first-class and ninety second-class gunners. The corps is, we believe, under the command of the Instructor of Gunnery, an Ordnance officer who has served in the Imperial Artillery. The non-commissioned officers and men are intended, in case of an invasion, to be distributed among the different batteries, where they would take charge of the magazines, superintend the arranging of the fuzes, act as captains of guns, and, in short, perform all the more difficult and scientific work, the ordinary and more mechanical work being executed by the Volunteer artillermen. Now that the Imperial troops have been withdrawn from the colony, it is apprehended that it may be impossible to fill up the ranks of the regular artillery with ex-soldiers. It has therefore been decided that no man shall receive the much coveted appointment of a policeman unless he has first passed through the artillery corps. This scheme has already been found to work admirably, the very pick of the population presenting themselves for enlistment in the artillery

corps. The police force above referred to is in the highest degree efficient. Many of its members were obtained from the Irish Constabulary, and it holds a high rank among the defensive forces of the colony. The training it receives is essentially military, and the new arrangement we have spoken of will in future ensure every man in the police being a thoroughly efficient soldier. The force numbers 1,022, and a large portion of it is mounted. Adding the police and the permanent artillermen to the Volunteer force, the total military strength of the colony is raised to about 5,200 men well armed; some perfectly, all fairly, trained; subjected to a strict discipline, and containing many ex-officers and soldiers of the regular army. Victoria possesses a formidable amount of ordnance, and additions are being constantly made. On the 1st January, 1871, the number of guns in the Colonies was 107 smooth bore and 76 rifled pieces of ordnance. Among the latter are six 300-pr. muzzle-loaders, twenty-four 80-pr. muzzle-loaders, twenty-four 64-pr. Pallisers, and two 150-pr. Pallisers. It is also intended to establish a powder manufactory near Melbourne in order that the colony may be independent of supplies from England. How thoroughly in earnest the Government is about making the Volunteers efficient is proved by the fact that a stringent examination must be passed before a single step of rank can be obtained, a test being required even before promotion to the grade of corporal. A strong military spirit is rife among the colonists; indeed, the tendency of the Volunteers is to become professional soldiers, which tendency it has been thought wise, for several reasons, to discourage. Though the present military force of the colony does not exceed 5,200 men, yet on an emergency that number could be at once raised to 20,000, by the enrolment of men who have passed through the force, and are consequently thoroughly efficient. Neither would there be any opposition on the part of the colonists to the passing of a law imposing obligatory service on every male between certain ages, did a necessity arise. At present, however, the body of 5,200 men which represents the population of about 732,000 souls, is quite sufficient for the military necessities of the colony. In concluding this notice of Victoria, we may mention that the engagement to serve is for a certain specified term, that commanding officers have power to inflict fines for minor offences, and that persons wounded, and the widows of those killed on service, receive a pension or gratuity as Parliament may direct.

With the exception of Western Australia, which is but a small colony, and up to two years ago was little more than a penal settlement, Southern Australia appears to be the worst off of all the Australian Colonies as regards military resources. Its military force is represented by one officer and one sergeant, and a police force—part of which is mounted—of 150 men. We are informed that up to two years ago there was a very respectable Volunteer force, but it fell to pieces from want of discipline and the jealousies of its officers. In fact, the Government preferred to have no Volunteers at all rather than a mere aggregate of undisciplined armed men. It is, however, earnestly devoting attention to the question of defence, and has already imported some heavy guns from England. Concerning Tasmania, as well as Western Australia, we have no information; but we have reason to believe that in neither of these small colonies is there any substantial Volunteer force. Nor are we in a position to give many details regarding the young colony of Queensland, which was only erected into a separate Government some twelve years ago. Its total Volunteer force, out of a population of about 112,000 souls, consists of three staff officers, including the commandant, who formerly served in the British army; a sergeant-major, two batteries of Artillery of 45 men each, and four companies of Rifles, numbering in all 225 men, giving a grand total of 339 men. In addition to these, however, there is a British, together with an auxiliary native police force.

The population of New South Wales is about 500,000 souls, and the effective strength of the Volunteers, including permanent staff and Naval Brigade, is 2,522 officers and men, the paper strength being over 3,000. The whole of the land forces are under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson, an ex-officer of the Imperial army. The permanent staff numbers 22 officers and men, and comprises an adjutant of Artillery, a brigade-adjudant, who is also paymaster and quarter-master, a sergeant-major, a quarter-master sergeant, drill instructors, &c. The Artillery numbers 450 efficient, divided into seven batteries, two at least of which are field batteries, and three are batteries of position, one of which has two 32-pr. siege guns, and two, two 40-pr. Armstrongs each. There appears to be an intention of forming two additional batteries and a corps of Engineers, but at present the latter branch of the service is unrepresented. The infantry numbers 1,875 efficient, and is divided into the Sydney battalion of six companies, and a strength of about 400 men and 22 officers; the suburban battalion, similarly constituted; fourteen country corps, of a strength varying from 57 to 100, with a total of about 1,000 men; and three cadet corps about 150 strong. The Naval Brigade is 235 strong. There are no cavalry whatever in the force. We have no information as to the amount of training the Volunteers undergo, but that they are at least fairly efficient is evident from an account we have read of a grand sham fight which took place at Sydney on the 25th March last, when, including the Naval Brigade, about 1,600 were under arms. The sham fight was intended to celebrate the completion of the harbour batteries, and was a rehearsal of the operations which would take place were an enemy to attempt an attack on Sydney. The corps turned out complete; practice from the batteries with

shotched guns took place; a torpedo was exploded, and everything was done to produce as close an imitation as possible of real war. The gun practice was most successful, and the discipline is stated to have been all that could be wished. We may add that no time was wasted in marching past, or other mere parade movements. Mention has been made of the batteries constructed for the defence of Sydney. The general design seems to have been furnished by Royal Engineer officers of the highest rank, Sir John Burgoyne having, among others, given the colony the benefit of his vast experience and great scientific knowledge. The forts are connected by military roads, and are mounted with heavy guns. There is a telegraph system, by which messages can be rapidly forwarded from one fort to the other. It is intended ultimately to supplement the batteries by a couple of gunboats, each carrying a 12-ton gun, by a boom, and by a complete system of torpedoes of the largest size. At the end of 1869 the artillery in the colony was as follows:—brass, 21 pieces, 6, 9, and 12 pr. howitzers; cast iron, 101 guns and howitzers, ranging from 4 to 68 prs.; wrought-iron Armstrongs, two 6-prs., one 20-pr., five 40-prs., two 110-prs., giving a grand total of 132 pieces, throwing 1,679,372 lbs. of shot. Considerable additions to the above have been or are in course of being made.

The Government of New South Wales seems to be as well aware as that of Victoria of the advantage to be derived from a small permanent force, and in the Estimates for the present year appears an item of 10,000/- for the establishment and maintenance of a battery of artillery and two companies of infantry. It is not quite clear how far the Volunteer Act of 1867 is superseded by the Military and Naval Forces Regulation Act of 1871. We believe, however, that the latter is only a development of the former Act. As far as we can ascertain the principal regulations are as follows. The Governor appoints and cancels all commissions, and may delegate power to appoint non-commissioned officers and warrant officers. He may also convene, or delegate power to convene, a court-martial whose proceedings are conducted in accordance with Imperial military law. Death, however, can only be inflicted for mutiny or desertion to the enemy or traitorously delivering up a post. During their period of service all Volunteers are subject to the Mutiny Act, the Articles of War, and the Queen's Regulations. A commanding officer may dismiss any Volunteer, subject to approval of the commandant of the Volunteers, and may reduce any warrant or non-commissioned officer. A commanding officer may place under arrest or in confinement any officer or Volunteer who may be guilty of any breach of discipline while on duty, at drill, or proceeding to or from such duty or drill for as long as the corps or detachment may be on service and on duty, at drill, or proceeding to or from such duty, &c. The rules made by the Volunteers themselves, under the latest Volunteer Act, show that they have very strict and just notions about discipline. Certain fines may by these rules be imposed by the commanding officer for absence from drill and other minor offences. In the rules of several corps it is laid down that Volunteers shall salute Volunteer and regular officers when in uniform. All Volunteers take an oath to serve for a certain time specified in the regulations, but except on service may claim discharge after fourteen days' notice. Any Volunteer wearing any part of his uniform at unauthorised times is liable to a penalty of 5/-; and any person not a Volunteer wearing the uniform is liable to the same penalty. If, however, the discipline is judiciously strict, the privileges are of a very attractive nature. The pay and allowances are liberal, and there are other advantages. Good marksmanship is encouraged by prizes. Any Volunteer who has been two years an efficient Volunteer is exempt from serving on juries as long as he continues efficient. After five years' service every officer and man can claim a free grant of fifty acres. All officers have a right to retire with their existing rank after five years' service. Officers disabled on actual service receive half-pay of their rank according to Imperial rates, and, if killed, their widows or families are to receive the same pension as would be granted by the Imperial Government. If a non-commissioned officer or private is disabled, he receives the pension of an ensign in the Imperial service, and, if killed, his family receive the same allowance as would be granted to an ensign's family in England. In addition to the Volunteer force, there are 819 policemen, a portion of whom are mounted, and the whole of whom are thoroughly efficient soldiers. Including the police, and adding the men who have passed through the police and the Volunteer forces, there seems to be no reason to doubt that the colony could, in case of emergency, place under arms some 15,000 trained soldiers, quite sufficient, with the aid of the batteries, boom, torpedoes and gunboats, to defeat and annihilate any possible expeditionary force. We may here mention that the Government of New South Wales has from the 1st January, 1855, up to the 31st March, 1871, expended no less a sum on harbour defences than 148,114/-.

From what we have said it will be evident that the Australian Colonies are fully alive to their military responsibilities, possess a force sufficiently strong and efficient to meet all probable requirements, and are still exerting themselves to render it still more formidable. Three of the colonies possess an aggregate force of 10,000 men, a portion of which is kept permanently on foot, and could, if required, within a few days place in the field an army of 40,000 trained soldiers. If to this be added a formidable array of torpedoes, a boom at Sydney, the iron-plated ship *Cerberus* at Melbourne, and a host of batteries constructed according to the latest principles of military engineering, and heavily mounted, the result is an amount of defensive power sufficient, not only to

ensure the country from conquest, but even from insult. It must be remembered that a portion of the Imperial army would always co-operate in the defence of the colonies, that in the present state of telegraphy intimation could be promptly given of the despatch of a hostile expedition, and that it would require so large a fleet to convey even 5,000 troops that they could not possibly escape observation and make an unexpected descent. The only vulnerable points in Australia are the principal ports, which have been rendered practically impregnable. If a force were to land at a distant point and march overland, its progress would be soon arrested for want of transport and provisions. Under these circumstances it is idle to talk of our Australian Colonies being a cause of weakness to the mother-country. We regret, however, that whereas the colonies have done so much, not only for themselves but also for Imperial interests—for the commerce of England would be seriously affected by an enemy's occupation of any part of our Australian dependencies—the mother-country should have been, in some instances, so niggardly in affording that help and encouragement which would have cost her little and yet would have proved most valuable to the colonies. The Victorian Government offered to pay for a British general to act as commandant of their forces, but the offer was rejected. Again, New South Wales, in reply to a request for some smooth-bore and, in England, obsolete ordnance, was met with a petty shopkeeping demand for the price as old iron of the guns in question, thus converting the Imperial Government into a marine-store dealer. It is to the credit of the Australian Colonies that such conduct has not excited feelings of general dissatisfaction with the mother-country.

AYRTON UNREFORMED.

A LOAD is taken off our minds. We had been for some time suffering under an uneasy apprehension that the temptations of office had proved too fascinating for our respected edile, and that Mr. Ayrton had in his prosperous middle age allowed himself to be seduced into bypaths of courtesy and consideration through which in the purity of his youthful radicalism he had ever refused to stray. After Tuesday afternoon we banish these wild alarms. The "noble savage" is himself again—unique and unapproachable in action and in manner, overbearing in conduct, reckless in assertions, obstinate in adhering to those assertions when their fallacy has been demonstrated, ingenious in imputing motives to others, self-righteous in his estimate of his own behaviour, boorish in his criticisms on matters on which the whole educated world thinks one way and he himself another. We have not the least intention of renewing the Barry conflict; for, although Mr. Barry was without doubt very hardly handled by the First Commissioner, he certainly enjoys the great compensation of having no longer to take Mr. Ayrton's orders as to the Houses of Parliament; and if we have to recur to the name of Mr. Barry, it is only in illustration of the character of the Right Honourable gentleman. Mr. Ayrton had the advantage on Tuesday of being able to give his explanation of his Friday's speech, which led to the late debate, and we shall of course judge him by that explanation. We are unable to perceive any essential difference between the report which the *Times* gave of last week's effusion and the gloss of Tuesday afternoon. The *Times* made Mr. Ayrton state that, "passing to the position of Mr. Barry, he remarked that his services were by no means disinterested. He had been employed to do certain work, for which he had been paid, and he had ceased to be employed because the continuance of his services would have been inconsistent with the public interest." The explanation offered on Tuesday was, "that when discussions had previously arisen on the subject, a great deal had been heard as to Mr. Barry having rendered disinterested services; but that since his engagement had terminated, he had sent in an account of all those services, amounting to a considerable sum, which had been paid for." (Mr. Baillie Cochrane, "What amount?") "2,000/-" As far as we are able to puzzle any meaning out of these assertions, we conclude that Mr. Ayrton must have imagined that disinterested was synonymous with gratuitous. Without doubt this supposition implies a limited command over the resources of the English language, but when the alternative explanation involves the charge of applying and of repeating depreciatory epithets to an honourable man of business on grounds inadequate to justify their use, we prefer to fall back upon the supposition that the First Commissioner had really got beyond his depth in the puzzling labyrinth of composite adjectives. No charitable appeal to literary ignorance will, however, avail to extricate Mr. Ayrton from the consequences of his, next assertion, "It was not merely the question of what was paid to Mr. Barry, but a question of the thousands, the hundreds of thousands, of pounds which the House was called upon to supply to meet the cost of carrying out his suggestions. There were now no more of these suggestions, and consequently expenditure was less." Evidence was forthcoming on Tuesday that so far had Mr. Barry been from costing the House any number of hundreds of thousands—even a single one—by his suggestions, that the sum total of the works executed during all the ten years of his appointment at the Houses of Parliament, and exclusive of those which he had to complete from his father's designs, amounted to the sum of about sixty-six thousand pounds. It might have been added that the difference between the estimate and the actual cost upon this area of expenditure was merely a sum of two or three hundred pounds. Mr.

[July 1, 1871.]

Ayrton's attempt to justify his assertion in face of the figures which he was totally unable to gainsay, can only be paralleled by the example of the showman who exhibited the sword with which Balaam slew his ass, and who—on being reminded that Balaam had no sword, and did not kill his beast of burden—fell back upon the revised statement that the sword which he showed was the one which Balaam wished for when he was desirous to commit that slaughter. The crypt of St. Stephen's had been restored and decorated mainly during Sir Charles Barry's tenure of office, with the approbation of all the world outside of Mr. Whalley; while two Committees of the House of Commons had considered, and two Parliaments had kindly received, the suggestions emanating from members of both sides of the House, referred to those Committees with general consent, unanimously passed in the second Committee, and when taken up in the House itself, only deferred—and neither rejected nor even deprecated—at the suggestion of Mr. Gladstone, that in addition to other alterations in the structure, a new House of Commons should be built in place of the present one, which experience had proved to be inadequate for its purposes. We have hardly any occasion to remark that the "new House of Lords," which the First Commissioner threw in, was the pure coinage of his own brain.

These were the facts which Mr. Ayrton was contented to produce in vindication of his charge that the House was called upon to supply hundreds of thousands of pounds to meet the cost of carrying out Mr. Barry's suggestions. He pointed on one side to a restoration—in a small degree the work of the living Barry—which on the evidence of an anonymous prelate he could only screw up to an asserted thirty thousand pounds, and in so doing found it convenient to suppress the explanation that the larger part of the sum total was spent on actual works of consolidation, without which the new superstructure—namely, St. Stephen's Hall, the main public thoroughfare to both Houses and all the Committee-rooms—could never have been raised. On the other side the Commissioner had the audacity to attribute to Mr. Barry the suggestions of the House's own Committee, acting under the House's own instructions, and favourably received by the House when it returned with its report. No official except Mr. Ayrton could have rushed forward to crush the subordinate whom he had discarded under imputations so monstrous in their scope, and so inflated in their details. No official except Mr. Ayrton could have struggled to vindicate those imputations by appeals to facts which flagrantly contradict all the charges which they were assumed to support. No official except Mr. Ayrton, after he had been told from his own side of the House, by a predecessor in his own office, that it would have been "more becoming" if, "instead of indulging in vague accusations levelled at Mr. Barry, attributing to a professional man a desire for expenditure which was totally unfair," he "had come down to the House and apologized for the expressions he had used," and after he had been forced to hear from another First Commissioner across the table that the charges brought by him against Mr. Barry were "totally and absolutely unfounded," would have been content to fold his arms, and sneer upon that Treasury Bench where his superiors of the Cabinet took good care to leave him in conspicuous isolation.

We are not so angry as some members seem to have been with Mr. Ayrton for persisting in terming the under-chapel of St. Stephen's a vault, and in refusing to see any useful purpose to which it could be turned. What can Mr. Ayrton be expected to know about chapels, or decoration, or Henries, or Edwards, or St. Mary, or those "national monuments" which, as Mr. Mundella truly observed, it would be "scandalous parsimony" on the part of this "great nation" not to support and to restore? Mr. Ayrton was not sent to the Office of Works to maintain the honour or credit of his own or any other nation, great or small. His mission there was to browbeat, and to screw, and we do not grudge him the epithet of "disinterested" when we acknowledge that he has fully earned all the solid recognition which the Treasury may allow him to claim for the fulfilment of these duties. But we have a very serious quarrel with those who have turned that office into a Barataria for the unruly Sancho Panza of the Tower Hamlets and the Treasury. With a majority of more than a hundred at his back, Mr. Gladstone was bound, in his distribution of places, to have had some consideration for the fitness of the men whom he delighted to honour, and not to have thrown down appointments which demand special qualifications like bones to stop the barking of turbulent followers. Among the various causes which have combined to bring a Ministry which boasts of a majority, on paper, larger than any within the recollection of living men down to a condition of weakness which would be pitiable in a Government on sufferance, must be reckoned Mr. Ayrton's scandalous promotion. It was not to a Cabinet office, and it did not therefore affect the great issues of party warfare; but such as it was it flaunted a cynical indifference to all the higher motives which ought to dictate the distribution of responsibility, and by which our present rulers claimed—in self-righteous contrast with Tory corruption—to regulate their conduct. It is not therefore wonderful that this *faux pas* of Mr. Gladstone has helped to shake the general confidence which persons outside of the circle of direct political conflict were inclined to repose in a Cabinet of very illustrious prestige. However strong a Government may be in other ways, it cannot stand without loss of respect and influence the constant spectacle of votes and proposals emanating from one particular department of the public service which have a special interest for a large class of members and for the general public, provoking acrimonious

disputations, traceable in every instance to the pertinacity with which the First Commissioner contrives to irritate every person with whom he comes in contact by the recklessness of his assertions, the injuriousness of his imputations, the superciliousness of his ignorance, the insolence of his demeanour, and the audacity of his proceedings. The two hours spent on Tuesday in calling Mr. Ayrton to account for his peccadillo of Friday afternoon lost something more than that amount of time, and the loss will be found recorded on the debtor side of the reckoning which the Government keeps with the nation. Members on both sides of the House strove by their voices to aid in the discomfiture of the First Commissioner. There were two, however, whose silence was far more condemnatory than the rhetoric of any combatant. There never was an occasion on which an official, exercising administrative functions without the protection given by a seat in the Cabinet, stood more sorely in need of the support which the superior members of the Government might, if they had so chosen, have accorded. Yet the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer were in and out of the House during the wrangle, sitting on the same bench as Mr. Ayrton, though at distances from him which appeared to be carefully calculated, but neither of them vouchsafed a word in his defence. So far Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe deserve credit for abstaining from the vain attempt to palliate the indefensible; but they must both be conscious that the spectacle of their presence at the humiliation of a colleague whom they would not defend is not only the most severe condemnation of the offending official, but a blow to a Government which condescends to tolerate a Minister whom it does not dare to support.

AN EDITORIAL DIFFICULTY.

THE difficulties of editors of newspapers may perhaps be partly understood by referring to the report of an action against the proprietors of the *Echo*. The action was brought to recover damages for an article which had been sent to the editor of that journal, but which, not being accepted by him, was destroyed. The Judge of the Court which answers to a County Court in the City of London decided that if an editor keeps a manuscript which is sent to him, he is bound on demand to return it; but that he may relieve himself of all responsibility by destroying it. The principle involved in this decision applies to many other cases besides that with which we happen ourselves to be most familiar, of manuscript. There is, for example, the frequently occurring case of a small sample bottle of cheap wine, which insinuates itself into one's office or chambers, and there stands temptingly on the chimney-piece during the hours of exhausting labour. If one yielded to temptation and drank the wine contained in the little bottle, one might become liable—first, to a stomach-ache, and, secondly, to an action for what lawyers call "conversion." It is manifest that all these cases, when viewed with a scientific eye, arrange themselves under the head of "bailment," or delivery of chattels, and it would appear probable that this bailment ought to be regarded as for the benefit of the "bailor" rather than of the "bailee." If this be the correct view, the bailee would be required to exercise only ordinary diligence in keeping the thing sent to him, but, in order to avoid any question as to the degree of diligence required, it would be prudent in the bailee, at least in the case of a manuscript, to destroy it. The right of the receiver of a letter to destroy it rests upon the authority of Lord Eldon, and there can be no reason why this right should not extend to manuscripts in general. Editors will act wisely if they take warning by this case against the *Echo*, and clear out the waste-paper basket regularly. If they keep a manuscript unpublished, they are, according to the recent decision, liable to return it, and, if so, they would do well to destroy every communication that they receive as soon as they have made up their minds that it is useless to them. As remarked by the Judge of the City Court, the writer of an article is capable of copying it; and there is more reason in requiring him to do this than in expecting that an editor should retain that which is sent to him unasked. But editors may be advised, for greater security, if they really do mean to decline to return rejected contributions, to make an invariable practice of destroying them.

There is an obvious distinction between a letter or article intended for a newspaper and an ordinary letter of business, which the receiver would be entitled to keep as evidence of the transaction to which it referred. If an editor keeps and uses an article, a question might of course arise as to his liability to pay for it. There are probably many publications which subsist largely upon gratuitous contributions, but it might be difficult for the editor of one of them to discharge himself of a liability to pay something for an article which he had used. If all authors were like the plaintiff in the case against the *Echo*, the Judges of County Courts would be largely engaged in settling literary quarrels. A gentleman who insists upon being paid the value of the paper upon which his article was written would not be likely to forego any chance of proceeding against an editor. We believe, however, that the industrious class called penny-a-liners do not usually desire to furnish what they would themselves call "work for the gentlemen of the long robe" at their own expense. It is probable, too, that as regards that class of contributors there is a well-known trade custom which would regulate both their right to payment and its amount. Indeed, we should expect that upon any question of this kind the practice of a particular newspaper or

other publication would go far towards the decision of the case. Thus it is tolerably notorious that the Poet's Corner of a provincial journal is filled by aspirants to fame who do not expect money. The Judge of the City Court said that in these matters there is a great difference between a daily newspaper and a monthly magazine; but the difference, whether great or small, must be one of practice rather than of principle. He mentioned that he had had before him a case in which a lady brought an action against the proprietors of *Good Words* for a manuscript which was lost after transmission to the editor. He decided in favour of the defendants, on the ground that they, as bailees of the manuscript, were bound to exert only ordinary diligence in dealing with it. This decision was founded upon a principle of law established long before the age of newspapers. The bailment or delivery of the manuscript is capable of being viewed as made either for the benefit of the author, who would be the bailor, alone, or of the author and of the editor, who would be the bailee, jointly. But the former view would be more consistent with ordinary experience, seeing that out of ten communications which an editor receives hardly one would be likely to be useful to him. If an article is sent, the editor is at liberty to use as much or as little of it as he may find convenient. He must, however, alter or abridge with an honest purpose of adapting the article to his columns; and the right of alteration would probably be thought to be subject to this restriction, that an editor would not be at liberty to change entirely the spirit of the article, even although he did his work so skilfully that the author might have some difficulty in discovering where the change was made. In a well-known case a house agent employed a barrister to supply the legal matter necessary to complete a book on the management of estates. The barrister hereupon prepared a treatise on the law of vendor and purchaser and of landlord and tenant, the whole of which the house agent desired to have compressed into one printed sheet. The barrister, on the other hand, thought that no information of value on the legal incidents of property could be condensed within that compass, and he extended the work to three sheets and a half. It seems to have been assumed, when the case came before the Court of Chancery, that in the absence of a special contract the purchase of a literary composition was like the purchase of wine, which the purchaser is clearly entitled either to drink unmixed, or to mix with water or other wine, or to throw away. The Court, at any rate, declined to interpose by injunction to prevent the compression of three sheets and a half of printed matter into less than two sheets, and it declared itself unaffected by the suggestion that the barrister's professional reputation might suffer by the mutilation of his work. Possibly the Court thought that the reputation of a barrister who engaged himself to write for a house agent need occasion only moderate solicitude.

The plaintiff in the action against the *Echo* put his case in the correct way as an action of that species which lawyers call "trover" for his manuscript. His right to bring this action would be wholly independent of the statutory law of copyright, which seems, however, to have been in some way brought into the discussion. "Every man has a right to keep his own sentiments, if he pleases; he has certainly a right to judge whether he will make them public, or commit them only to the sight of his friends. In that state the manuscript is, in every sense, his peculiar property; and no man can take it from him, or make any use of it, which he has not authorised, without being guilty of a violation of his property. And as every author or proprietor of a manuscript has a right to determine whether he will publish it or not, he has a right to the first publication; and whoever deprives him of that priority is guilty of a manifest wrong, and the Court has a right to stop it." The common law of literary property was thus expounded by a Judge of the last century. This law has been frequently invoked for the protection of authors. It gives to every man the right to the first publication of his own manuscript; and if the original or a transcript of a literary work were lent to a man to read, and he were to publish it, such publication would be a violation of the author's common-law right. The Copyright Act protects literary property after publication, and the common law usually enforced by the Court of Chancery protects the same property before publication. A notable example of this action of the Court of Chancery was afforded by the case of Prince Albert v. Strange, in which an injunction was granted to restrain the publication of copies of etchings by the Queen and the late Prince Consort, the etchings having been made for the amusement of those illustrious persons, and the copies having been surreptitiously obtained. This common-law right, which was accurately claimed by the plaintiff in the City Court, did not, however, carry him far towards obtaining a judgment in his favour. Whatever may have been the value of the thoughts which he had committed to paper, his right against the editor of the *Echo* could be neither more nor less than to have back the paper, if not destroyed. It results from this case, and the other case decided by the same Judge, and referred to by him in his recent judgment, that an editor is not bound to keep manuscripts at all, and if he does keep them, and is under any legal obligation to return them on demand, is only bound to exercise ordinary diligence for their safety. It is unnecessary to repeat what we have already said as to the prudence of dealing swift and summary destruction on the masses of rubbish which are daily inflicted on long-suffering editors.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

THE Picture Galleries of the International Exhibition are more remarkable for the quantity than for the quality of the goods they display. The 2,299 works here collected are about equivalent to the united forces of the Royal Academy, the two Water Colour Societies, and the Dudley Gallery. It is hard to understand how the best interests of art can be served by the opening of what Americans would call a store for wholesale and retail trading. The motive, however, it is not very difficult to divine. Picture Galleries, which have always been the most popular ingredient in International gatherings, were obviously essential to the success of the colossal scheme. The mistake seems to be that, instead of select representative works, we have here collected indifferent miscellanies, the offscourings of national art, the unmarketable lumber of studios. Every artist has lying on hand certain abortive efforts which are naturally kept out of sight in garrets or cellars, until perchance some International Exhibition offers them a last chance in its well-lighted sale-rooms. Private picture-dealers will suffer severely under the formidable competition now set on foot by Her Majesty's Commissioners.

We will commence with the foreign pictures as presenting most novelty. But even here we find that the original "International" idea has dwindled down from a noble assemblage of nationalities into a nondescript aggregate of scattered individuals. No longer can we count among contributors Governments and public bodies, possessing the power to show what is greatest in a people's art. In 1862 the collection assumed European importance by the efficient aid of the Imperial Government of France, the Academy of St. Petersburg, the National Museum of Madrid, the Royal Galleries of Copenhagen, Christiania, and Stockholm, the Academies of Florence, Milan, and Parma. The Picture Galleries were also honoured with contributions from the King of Prussia and the Emperors of Russia, France, and Austria. The comparative insignificance of the present undertaking is sufficiently indicated by the absence of all and every of these potentates and Powers. Almost the only crowned head or national body present is the King of the Belgians and the Belgian National Gallery.

European schools of painting may be distributed according to geographic areas. On the present occasion we will take a rapid survey of those regions which lie on the North Sea and the Baltic; States which stretch from Ostend and Antwerp to Rotterdam and Amsterdam, and which further include Copenhagen, Christiania, and Stockholm, as the capitals of the Scandinavian group. Russia will not fall within the territorial circuit, because, with the exception of painted fans by M. Zechi—that wayward genius of St Petersburg—she exhibits nothing worthy of note. We shall attempt a certain classification, because one chief use of International Picture Galleries would seem to be the possibility of tracing generic schools to originating causes, of discovering the relation between national arts and conditions of climate and race, government and religion.

Belgium, the only nation really well represented, stands as an anomaly in this Northern group—partly because the fathers of the school, Rubens and Vandyke, went to Italy, and still more because the French classicist, David, came to Brussels. David, who had shaken hands with Robespierre, been favoured as a painter by the First Napoleon, and driven to Brussels as an exile on the restoration of the Bourbons, was at last borne to his grave by pupils who became leaders in the Belgian school. A picture by M. Van Lerius, in the worst of taste and altogether poor in art, "Lady Godiva" nude, (863), proves the pernicious influence of French classicism upon the Belgian school. This cold petrification of flesh, it is well known, had to give place to an ardent romanticism; the painter of "Les Horaces" was dethroned by Géricault, who provoked a revolution in the art of Europe by "The Wreck of the Medusa." Belgium, tenacious of political freedom, has for long surrendered her art independence to France; whatever fashion prevailed in Paris was quickly assumed in Brussels. Thus only can be understood the truly representative and most diversified collection at Kensington. M. Galait, who went to Paris and enrolled himself among the pupils of Delaroche, though unfortunately absent, is not without followers. Baron Wappers, also belonging to the great art era of the Orleans dynasty, exhibits a characteristic work, "Charles I. on the Way to the Scaffold" (875). It has been said of Delaroche that he was painter extraordinary to the decapitated monarchs of Europe. Baron Wappers, M. Gallait, and others aspire to equal distinction; they paint the dead and the dying; their historic personages carry heads and wear crowns on uncertain tenure. Professor Pauwels, who contributes three pictures, is of like pictorial descent; he entered the atelier of Baron Wappers; he has won gold medals, and, after the usual custom, has been decorated with the Order of Leopold. The most important of his contributions, "Pastimes for the Count de Burenat Antwerp, under Philip II." (973), is unjustly placed to the credit of Saxe-Weimar, where the artist holds the professorship of historic painting. This painter, whom we have watched with unusual interest for some years, has latterly been engaged on frescoes in the "Lutherhaus on the Wartburg." The Belgian school proves itself capable of bold efforts in historic and monumental art; cartoons by M. Guffens and M. Swerts are here exhibited; we know of mural paintings by Baron Leyds in Antwerp; M. Madou also has found like field for a style the reverse of architectonic. M. Portaels may be considered, like M.

Van Lerius and Baron Wappers, a joint product of schools old and new, classic and romantic. "A Box at the Theatre, Pesth" (828), though among the artist's most esteemed works, is artificial and vulgar; meretricious gaudiness, opacity of colour, and clumsiness of hand afflict this school of compilation. We incline to think this special phase in Belgian art will die out. The Italian renaissance has become corrupt and effete even in France. Experience appears to teach that the art of modern Europe, to gain vitality and earnestness, must either revert to earlier historic periods or turn directly to actual life and local character.

The cities of Brussels and Antwerp have been identified with somewhat conflicting schools. Brussels, often called Paris in miniature, fell, as we have seen, under the successive sway of David and Delaroche. Antwerp, on the contrary, down even to the time of Baron Leyen, has shown herself more zealous of independence. The revival of the essentially national art of Van Eyck and Memling by this truly great painter is one of the most memorable movements of our times. The style was naturally objected to as archaic, as an anachronism, yet it came as a wholesome reaction from the eclecticism and conventionalism which had reigned throughout Europe over a period of three centuries. In our own country, Mr. Hemy and others have in like manner reverted to what may be termed Northern or German mediævalism, as distinguished from Southern or Italian mediævalism. The revival did not die with its first authors; M. A. De Vriendt exhibits an "Offering to the Virgin" (802), earnest, realistic, solemn, and severe, after the manner of the old Teutonic masters. Also "The Confederates before Margaret of Parma, Ruler of the Low Countries" (863), by M. Vinck; "Pilgrimage" (791), by M. de Groux, and "Mary of Burgundy vainly Entreating the Sheriff of Ghent to Pardon her Councillors Hugonet and Humbercourt" (876), by M. Wauters, severally display that quaintness in character, that awkwardness in bearing, that force of individualism, which mark a school true to its geographic position, and to what may be termed its ethnographic descent. Our meaning will be more apparent by comparison of this peculiar art with the generalization and ideality which distinguished the now all but extinct school of Overbeck. Few countries have within the last half-century presented so many distinct art phases, or elucidated such interesting art problems, as the land which, not in arts, but in arms, used to be called the battle-ground of Europe. In the noble picture above quoted, by M. Wauters, a pupil of M. Portaels, we seem to see the reconciliation of conflicting forces; what has been empty or garish in the hybrid between French and Italian genius gains intention and sobriety by converse with the old masters of Ghent and Bruges. The modern Belgian school some suppose to be in decadence, but the remarkable collection before us indicates the contrary.

France once more invades Belgium in the highly-finished *tableaux de société* by M. Alfred Stevens and M. Baugniet. These painters of silvery satins, these triflers of the toilet, together with the equally famous M. Willems, were among the many artists who in brilliant days now past opened studios in Paris. The pedigree of this art is not to be mistaken; its technique is directly taken from Terbourg and Mieris, while what may be termed the etiquette or society manners of these exquisite cabinets have been caught up in the gay capital of fashion. After their kind the contributions of these artists fall little short of perfection.

The scale of schools in Belgium, as in other countries, may be said to be—1st, men enacting history; 2nd, women displaying millinery; 3rd, animals feeding or sleeping; 4th, trees, rocks, and other landscape properties. The order of chronologic development has commonly been in the same sequence; animals and landscapes come late, but when they do enter upon the pictorial scene, they assert themselves, as in the works before us, strongly. M. Jos. Stevens is probably the best painter of dogs and dog-carts in Europe; Sir Edwin Landseer may be unrivalled in the way of a lady's lapdog, but for a ruffian, a bully, or an outcast from good canine society, no artist can approach this "Officer of the Order of Leopold." "Intervention," a satire on political diplomacy, is the best specimen we have seen for many a day of the vigorous, rugged, and realistic brush of M. Jos. Stevens. Examples of M. Verboeckhoven, M. T'Schaggeny, and M. Verlat complete the idea of how Belgians treat the brute creation. Then in the way of flower-painting we find worthy successors of Van Huysum, just as in animal-painting we recognise the representatives of Paul Potter, Carl du Jardin, and Sneyders. M. Robbe and M. Robie exhibit "Flowers" (835), "Fruits and Flowers" (836), "Flowers and Still Life" (837), severally in keeping with historic antecedents. For illusive realizations of bricks and mortar under sunlight look at "Cordova" (768), by M. Bossuet, who at the goodly age of three-score and ten remains without rival. We may here take occasion to correct an erroneous statement which we made a fortnight since, and to say how happy we are to find that M. Lessore, whose pictures in ceramic ware we have watched with interest for years, is still living and working.

Belgian landscapes deserve more space than we can spare. M. Fourmois, M. Kindermans, M. Lamorinière, and M. Clays, the sea-painter, severally of the "Order of Leopold," are familiar to frequenters of Exhibitions. We observe, amid some diversity, a sameness which may be supposed to savour of nationality. There is scarcely a suspicion of a mountain or a hill in the whole Gallery; the horizon is flat, the sky cloudy, the grass green and dewy—in short, the sentiment is pastoral and bucolic. Cool, umbrageous trees beside limpid streams, such as Izaak Walton frequented, invite to ruminating thought and fishing. The love of country seems just

as strong in the landscape-painters of the Low Countries as the proverbial love of home among the dwellers in mountain lands. Repose is the one sentiment of this landscape art, just as agitation and passion were the animating motives in scenes painted by Salvator Rosa.

Plebeianism, a plain matter-of-fact mode of looking at human life and outward nature, marks the art which has a geographic distribution along the shores of the North Sea and Baltic. The Dutch school, typical of this territorial group, is not here sufficiently seen to need special notice; besides, M. Alma-Tadema, M. Israels, and M. Haas, the chief masters present, are almost as well known in England as in Holland. We now enter on pictorial kingdoms as little moved by imagination or passion as granite rocks or pine-trees. The art of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden is essentially stony and wooden. Also it is apt to be rude in execution, as if the painter were but one remove from the mechanic, and dull and dreary in colour, as lands far off from sun and warmth. And yet the figure pictures here seen of M. Tidemand and M. Nordenberg, with landscapes by M. Müller and M. Möller, lie very close upon nature. "Reading the Bible" (467) and "Shipwrecked" (1090), by Madame Jerichau, a Pole naturalized in Denmark, are likewise strong in the traits of the Scandinavian school. This, the art of a simple people, dedicated to the joys and sorrows of the peasant, is essentially democratic. In those lands aristocracy is undermined or overthrown; accumulated wealth is exceptional; luxury is scarcely within reach even of the few; the common lot of life is hard labour, with the reward of competence, comfort, and content. And whenever we have come in contact with pictures from Scandinavia, either at Kensington or elsewhere, we have found painting but as a faithful, unflattering mirror wherein may be read the story of a patient and long-suffering people. What we might have desired, if not indeed expected, is that art as a child of imagination should have brought some foretaste of a better land, should have cast into the cottage-window some bright ray of hope, and have offered flowers with corn and wine when days were dark and nights were chill.

The geographic distribution of schools of painting to which we have pointed may receive further illustration by comparison of the arts which have encircled the Mediterranean with those which struggle into precarious existence on the shores of ice-bound seas. Imagination in Northern lands, like nature herself, lies frozen, stunted, and inert. The gold of Titian, the fire of Raffaelle, seem in the nature of things alien to the arts of Holland and Scandinavia. In those latitudes neither in sky nor on canvas do visions of the spiritual world open as in the compositions of Fra Angelico. And yet, when we remember what Oersted has written on nature, and Swedenborg on the supernatural, it may not be safe to set impassable limits to the Northern arts which may yet crave entrance to International Exhibitions.

REVIEWS.

ELLIS ON ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION.*

WE do not think that these books have been waiting on our table for nearly so long a time as might be supposed from the dates in their title-pages. But even if it were so, we should strive to shelter ourselves under the saying, "better late than never." Mr. Ellis is preeminently one of those men who have a right to be heard on their own subjects. He is confessedly the master of phonetics; he may be said, as far as England is concerned, to have created the study as a science. In the present work we plainly have before us the work of a life, a life devoted to a subject which every one fancies that he is able to deal with off-hand, but which really calls for, not only wide and out-of-the-way reading, diligence in collecting facts and power in making use of them, but also for minute study of the physical side of the subject, and for a special physical gift, strengthened by long practice, of distinguishing and classifying the minuter varieties of sound. All this Mr. Ellis gives us here; and, if we really have been guilty of delay in noticing his book, we cannot look on the delay as other than a gain. Mr. Ellis's book comes most opportunely in the middle of the great controversy about the pronunciation of Latin. We have always maintained that that controversy is only part of a larger one; that we can never rightly go through the historical investigation of the pronunciation of any language if we keep ourselves to that one language only. Among various kindred languages using the same alphabet, the pronunciation of any one, if it can be really made out, cannot fail to throw light on the pronunciation of all its fellows. In this matter, as in all matters, we want the Comparative method. That method Mr. Ellis has applied to a great extent, but we could wish that even he had carried it somewhat further.

It shows how little a man may be known and appreciated, when it came out in a note to one of these volumes that Mr. Ellis was the editor of the *Fonetik Nuz*—we believe we give the spelling rightly. Though we did not see the particular wit when Dean Alford said that the title of the *Fonetik Nuz* looked something like *Frantic Nuts*, yet we suppose that few

* *On Early English Pronunciation, with especial reference to Shakespeare and Chaucer, &c. &c.* By Alexander J. Ellis, F.R.S., &c. &c. Parts I., II. London: published for the Early English Text Society by Trübner & Co. 1867-1869.

people have ever spoken or thought of the *Fonetic Nuz* except as matter for laughter. The fact that such a man as Mr. Ellis had anything to do with the *Fonetic Nuz* shows that the *Fonetic Nuz* must have had something more to be said for it than would seem at first sight. Still we may be allowed to think that the *Fonetic Nuz* shows the weak side of Mr. Ellis's studies. We are quite sure that any thorough revolution in our received fashion of spelling is altogether impossible, and we are further sure that, if it were possible, it would be altogether undesirable. It is easy to show that our existing spelling does not answer the primary object of spelling, that of showing at once to natives and foreigners how a word is to be sounded. The answer commonly made to this objection is that to make any change on purely phonetic principles would be to wipe out the history of the language. It is easy to show, in answer to this, that there are many inconsistencies in our received mode of spelling, and indeed that we have in strictness no received way of spelling at all. It is perfectly true that there are such inconsistencies, and so there will be as long as the settlement of our spelling is left, not to scholars, but to printers. This is a grievance on which Mr. Ellis has much to say, and we suppose that any one who has written much for the press, and who has thought about what he has written, would confirm all that Mr. Ellis says. But we look on printers' spelling as a yoke which might be cast off without going the lengths of the *Fonetic Nuz*. We wish to keep or to restore as far as possible the historical spelling. We do not necessarily mean the most ancient spelling, but any form of spelling which has fairly made its way in through the course of the gradual changes of the language. To make spelling exactly to represent sound seems to us hopeless; but it is surely not hopeless to try to get rid of mere blunders and inconsistencies which have come in mainly through printers who have been misled by false analogies. Because we write "affection," the printer usually leaps to the conclusion that we should write "connection," because he does not know the difference between the formation of "afficere," "affectum," and "connectere, conseruum." It is surely easy to write "connexion" without turning the whole spelling of the language bottom upwards. In properly spelled English again, *wife*, *wine*, *rime* (number), *rhyme* (frost), consistently answer to the oldest forms *wif*, *win*, *rim*, *hrim*. But the printer fancies that *rime* has something to do with the Greek *rhythm*, and he further fancies that the combination *rh*, or rather *hr*, is purely Greek and not at all English; he therefore turns *rime* into *rhyme* and *rhyme* into *rime*. Thus far we can at least follow the workings of the printer's mind, but it is beyond our powers of guessing to say why printers and authors alike are so obstinately bent on wiping out the very intelligible distinction between "guarantee" and "guaranty," which in French is always carefully kept in "garant" and "garantie." In their mortal hatred to the letter *z*, especially in words derived from or formed after the Greek termination *-izē*, printers do follow a French example, and so we get "recognise," and sometimes even "baptize." It is wonderful what long pages of history are sometimes wiped out by some vagary of this kind. When people write "chesnut" for "chestnut" they simply hide the long history of the wanderings of the tree and its name from Thessaly to Britain. Surely all these things might easily be got rid of, if scholars only made up their minds to revolt against their taskmasters; but a complete reconstruction of spelling on any phonetic model would simply get rid of whatever history the printers have left to us. But as the thing is perfectly chimerical and never will be carried out, it is perhaps hardly worth while to dispute about it.

We might have said nothing about this matter, were it not that we think that the practice of conjuring up reformed alphabets and reformed modes of spelling has led to the only fault which we can find in Mr. Ellis's book. It is not a fault in the matter. We feel that Mr. Ellis knows so incomparably more about his subject than we do, or than anybody else does, that we should never think of disputing against him on any point within its proper limits, save one or two matters only where we really think that we have a firm standing-ground. But we do think that Mr. Ellis has, in one important point, made his labours needlessly hard and repulsive. We mean in what he calls his *paleotype*. In comparing the pronunciation of different times and places, it is of course necessary to have some standard, some table to show what sound we attach to each letter, for the purposes of the comparison. But it would surely have been possible to draw up a table whose forms should have been somewhat less complicated and perplexing than that which Mr. Ellis has given us. We have read his book with care, and with real interest and admiration, but we have found a stumbling-block at every step in the strange and uncouth forms which he gives us by way of help. Mr. Ellis takes a kind of pleasure in using letters to express some sound which no one would ever think of attaching to them. We know quite well the difficulties of the task. He has more sounds to express than he has letters in any known alphabet to express them with. Some of his distinctions indeed are so fine that he cannot expect ears which are less practised than his own fully to take them in. For this he is fully prepared. The truth is that, as hardly any two people ever pronounce exactly alike, so hardly any two people ever hear exactly alike. One man catches a difference where another man does not catch it, and vice versa. But some of Mr. Ellis's distinctions are plain enough, though no alphabet gives him the means of expressing them. We should think that any ear would feel that the sound of *a* in *starry* and in *carry*, in the English *man* and the German *Mann*, are not all the same sound. Yet all are *a*, and short *a*. If we have reason to think that one or two or three hundred years

back people pronounced in one of these ways and not in the other, how are we to make our meaning clear to the eye? It is awkward to go over and over again through a long treatise talking of French or German or Italian *a*, "*a* in *Mann*" or the like. Still such a way would be intelligible. But really we are quite baffled if we try to remember the sounds denoted by *A*, *A*, : *A*, *A* : *Aa*, *Aa*, *Aah*, *Aah*, *Aaa*, *Æ* (as *a* in *cat*), *Æee*, *Æash*, *Æh*, *Ah*, *Ai*, *AA*, all of which are various varieties of real *a*—real *a*, we mean, without taking in that peculiar English sound of *a* in *name* which other nations would express by *e*. In Mr. Ellis's *paleotype* the connexion between the sound and its written sign is as arbitrary as the alphabet itself, with the further difference that some of the signs will instinctively suggest other sounds. However we may think that either the Roman or the Old-English *a* was pronounced, it is quite certain that to a modern Englishman it is no help, but simply a puzzle, to have the sound *cat* expressed by *kat*. So, again, why should *a* in *but*, a sound which, among European tongues is we believe peculiar to the English and the British, but which is an every-day sound to Englishmen, be expressed by an *e* turned bottom upwards, *e*? Why should *ng* be written *g*? We can assure Mr. Ellis that such a system as this really hinders the usefulness of his book. It makes it intelligible only to those, if any such there be, who know as much, or nearly as much, about the matter as himself. We have gone through Mr. Ellis's book with every wish to profit by it, and we have greatly profited by it. But we have found it impossible to remember his scheme, while we found it a weariness of the flesh to be turning back for nearly every word. In such cases the flesh is sometimes too strong for the desire of knowledge. Mr. Ellis will perhaps say that he writes only for experts. He has perhaps forgotten that his subject is both a new and an interesting one, a subject which many people would be glad to follow up if it were set before them in a less formidable shape. As it is, we fear that the awful look of his *paleotype* will turn back many at the threshold.

In most cases it is giving a man praise to say that he begins at the beginning; in Mr. Ellis's case he has clearly done the right thing by beginning at the end. He begins his story with the latest stage of what may be called past time, and works his way gradually backward to the earliest known forms of the language. This is clearly the only way to solve Mr. Ellis's problem. We have better means of knowing the pronunciation of the eighteenth century than we have of knowing that of the eighth; but by using our knowledge of the pronunciation of the eighteenth century, and so going back step by step, and at each step using the better known as a key to the less known, we may come, if not to certainty, at least to high probability as to the pronunciation of the eighth century. One main result of Mr. Ellis's researches is to show how very modern is that strange pronunciation of the vowels which distinguishes Englishmen from all other nations. It seems that Chaucer and even Shakespeare sounded their letters in a way which we should now be inclined to call a French way. It is not to be forgotten that there are people who do so still. We remember hearing an East-Anglian parish clerk pray somewhat in this fashion:—"Haave mairee upon us meeserable seenayrs"; but on asking whether he were a Frenchman, we were told that it was simply the custom of the country. The received modern pronunciation of the vowels came gradually in, according to Mr. Ellis, in the course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but it had made so little progress by Shakespeare's time that he most likely sounded such a word as *nature* very much as a Frenchman does now. One darling dream of many of us Mr. Ellis has worked hard to overthrow—namely, that we had the long diphthongal *i* from the beginning, and that *Elfred* sounded *win* and *wif* just as we now sound *wine* and *wife*. Instead of this, according to Mr. Ellis, not only *Elfred* but Chaucer said *ween* and *weef*, and it does not seem absolutely certain that even Shakespeare sounded the letter as we do. It is really wonderful to see how Mr. Ellis works out the whole matter, not only making use of some well known and some utterly forgotten writers on his subject, but pressing into his service all manner of incidental evidence—a rhyme (we bow to the teaching of our masters), a casual comparison, the analogy of some foreign language, anything in short that can by any chance throw light on the matter. Some of the results of his inquiries we hope to speak of in another article.

SENIOR'S JOURNALS IN FRANCE AND ITALY.*

MR. NASSAU SENIOR had, we believe, a favourite project of testing the qualifications of young diplomats by asking them to predict the probable course of events in a particular country during the next six or twelve months. Our recent experience is not very flattering to diplomatic foresight, and after Mr. Hammond's undisturbed unanimity on the eve of the most terrible conflict of modern times, and the surprise and consternation produced by the Russian Note, it is to be feared that few even of the most experienced and distinguished members of the profession would pass very creditably through so trying an ordeal. Apart from prophecy, it would perhaps be enough to require from candidates for employment or promotion on this

* *Journals kept in France and Italy from 1848 to 1852; with a Sketch of the Revolution of 1848.* By the late Nassau William Senior. Edited by his daughter, M. C. M. Simpson. 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co.

[July 1, 1871.]

career proof of their capacity in the shape of a pithy, suggestive précis of current opinion and events, such as Mr. Senior was himself in the habit of keeping during his vacation tours. A series of notes of this kind, if made with discrimination and understanding, would afford the best basis for any speculations as to the future, and would be an invaluable guide to the policy of the Government. Before Mr. Senior went on a holiday he used to collect letters of introduction from all quarters, including official notes from the Foreign Office. He was an indefatigable "interviewer," and made a point of jotting down as soon as he could all that he heard in conversation. It cannot be said that he took any one at a disadvantage in this respect, for he made no secret of his practice, and in many cases, we are assured, the speakers corrected his report of their observations. His journals in Egypt and elsewhere have already been published, and now his daughter has given to the world, at a singularly opportune and appropriate moment, the diary which he kept in Paris during repeated visits to that capital between May 14, 1848, and June 2, 1852. Mr. Senior was admitted to the confidential intimacy of several of the most prominent actors in the stirring political events of those years, who spoke to him about what was passing without the least reserve, and made no secret of their own ideas and aspirations. The Revolution of 1848 and the *Coup d'État* have now a literature of their own, and consequently there is little that is absolutely new in these journals. Moreover their value is to some extent depreciated by a want of completeness. On commercial grounds, apparently, the present volumes have been filled out with a lot of guide-book stuff about Sicily and Rome, while most of the conversations with M. de Tocqueville on French affairs are reserved for separate publication. A record of contemporary opinion about the Republic and the *Coup d'État*, from which M. de Tocqueville is excluded, is very like *Hamlet* without the Prince. The natural and proper course would have been to put together all the matter relating to France, and to keep the Italian journals for another issue, if it was thought worth while to print them at all. Undoubtedly, however, the book has a genuine historical value. It furnishes a very clear and interesting view of the circumstances under which the Republic was developed into the Empire, and may also be read as a suggestive commentary on the present state of affairs in France. *C'est à recommencer* is the worst apprehension of thoughtful and patriotic Frenchmen. They seem to be condemned to the torture of Sisyphus, and to be continually rolling the rock up the hill only to see it tumble down again, and to renew once more the hopeless agony of an impossible task. To appreciate this feeling one must go back to the fall of the Orleans dynasty, and observe the events which led to that disaster, as well as those which followed it.

Mr. Senior, tied in the early part of the year to his desk in Chancery, did not get to Paris till some three months after the overthrow of Louis Philippe, but he discussed the incidents which preceded and attended it with many of those who had taken part in them, or had at least the best opportunity of observing them. A friend lent him a long letter from Marshal Bugeaud, narrating his share in the transactions. The Marshal was naturally disposed to take a military view of what had happened. In his eyes everything turned on the defective preparations on February 24, to meet the mob. The troops were very much demoralized, having been for sixty hours with their feet in cold mud, their knapsacks on their backs, with only three rations of biscuits, and forced to see, without interfering, the rioters attack the Municipal Guards, cut down trees, break the lamps, and burn the guardhouses. Moreover, they had very little ammunition; and to make matters worse, the King would not allow them to act. Bugeaud went himself to the King, whom he found writing his abdication, in the midst of a crowd who were pressing him to finish it. The Marshal opposed this energetically, declaring that it was too late, and that they must fight it out, and the Queen supported him. The King rose, leaving the paper unfinished, but the Duke of Montpensier and others cried out that he had promised to abdicate, and must abdicate. Firing was heard outside, and the King sat down and signed. "If," Bugeaud adds, "I had had the command a fortnight before, things might have passed differently." It is certainly quite possible that more prompt and decisive action might, for the time at least, have saved the dynasty; but the Government could not have been maintained without an entire revolution in its character. The Government of 1830 was overthrown for precisely the same reasons as the Government which it replaced. It would not march with the times; M. Guizot imagined, just as the Ministers of Charles X. imagined, that he could govern without the people. He thought he could balance the pyramid on its apex, and that his two hundred thousand bourgeois electors were a sufficient basis for the whole fabric of the State. Add to this the want of imagination with which the King and his Ministers were afflicted, their dull respectability, and timid, rather shuffling prudence, and it is easy to see how little hold the Government had on the nation. The constituencies were bribed; and to please the people outside M. Guizot felt himself obliged to make now and then a certain show of spirited foreign policy. But he went only far enough to get himself into scrapes, not far enough or boldly enough to conciliate popular passions. M. Gustave de Beaumont, one of the most clear-sighted of Mr. Senior's friends in Paris, pointed out very clearly the causes of the coldness and contempt with which the Government was viewed:—

We have not yet [he said] adopted the true faith—faith in the *cochon à l'engraissé* (Bonaparte's idea of a constitutional king). To preserve our respects our Sovereign must act. If our Sovereign, whether you call him President or King, merely takes the members whom the Assembly points out

to him, keeps them so long as they can keep their majority, follows their advice implicitly, and dismisses them as soon as they lose their majority, he becomes King Log, and we despise him. If he acts, he must sometimes make mistakes, and still oftener be thought to do so. He will sometimes offend the good sense of the nation, and oftener its susceptibilities, and we shall hate him. In France we are not good balancers of inconveniences. *Nous sommes trop logiques*. As soon as we see the faults of an institution, *nous la brisons*. In England you calculate, we act upon impulse.

Mr. Senior, guided by the prevailing opinion of the society in which he moved, was disposed to throw the chief blame of expelling the dynasty upon Lamartine. It is difficult, and not particularly profitable, to speculate upon the probable result of events which might have happened, but did not. But Lamartine had apparently more reason on his side than Mr. Senior was willing to allow when he argued that a regency would only prolong the agonies of the dynasty and the disorders of the country, without leading to anything permanent. It could at the best be only a transition Government, "a new Fronde, with the addition of Democracy, Socialism, and Communism." Moreover, whether right or wrong, Lamartine was rather the creature than the creator of public opinion. He was simply an orator and nothing else. The fact is, the Orléanist notion of Constitutional government had not answered the expectations of the people, and, with characteristic impatience, they were determined to smash it, without attempting to mend its faults and give it a new trial. But if Louis Philippe's Government did not represent the nation, still less did the Provisional Government which followed. Whatever the French may be now, they were assuredly not Republicans in 1848. Even in Paris, Ledru Rollin and the Reds, who at the outset gained the upper hand in the Government, were only a small minority, while the country population regarded them as robbers and cut-throats of the most infamous kind. The Socialist projects of the Provisional Government excited great abhorrence and alarm. In this there was doubtless an inconsistency on the part of a people which especially prides itself on its logical faculties, for in reality every French Government is only Socialism in disguise. Dunoyer thus described to Mr. Senior the ideas of his countrymen on this subject:—

The French think the purpose of Government is not to allow men to make their fortunes, but to make their fortunes for them. The great object of every Frenchman is to exchange the labours and risks of a business or a profession, or even a trade, for a public salary. The thousands of workmen who deserted employments at which they were earning four or five francs a day, to get thirty sous from the Ateliers Nationaux, were mere examples of the general feeling. To satisfy this desire, every Government goes on increasing the extent of its duties, the number of its servants, and the amount of its expenditure. It preserves the monopoly of tobacco, because that enables it to give away 30,000 débits de tabac. It pays and feeds 500,000 soldiers and 500,000 civilians. For these purposes the five hundred millions of expenditure, which were enough during the Consulate, rose to eight hundred in the Empire, to nine hundred and seventy in the restoration, to one thousand five hundred millions under Louis Philippe, and to one thousand eight hundred millions under the Republic. Socialism [added Dunoyer] is only the present system logically carried out. It is the theory of a paternal Government which treats its citizens as children to be all taken care of by the State. Thiers, who speaks and writes so well against Socialism, is a Socialist so far as he is an Imperialist and a Protectionist.

Another of Mr. Senior's friends accounted for the popularity of Provisional Governments in France on similar grounds:—"The definition of a Minister is, a man who gives places, and a Provisional Minister always gives the most." But, though wedded to Socialism in this form, the French were not ripe for the crude, naked projects of the Parisian Socialists.

Although the Legislative Assembly might in its origin be regarded as a national body, it was no sooner elected than it began to conspire against the nation. When Mr. Senior arrived in Paris in May 1850 he found unmistakable signs that mischief was brewing, and a suspicion was entertained that the reactionary majority of the Assembly were endeavouring to precipitate a revolt by various studied provocations, such as an electoral law disfranchising a large body of electors, attacks on the press, and so on. "Such is the strange state of feeling," said De Beaumont, "that the party of order is intent on nothing but civil war, and the anarchists are trying to keep the peace." Mr. Senior remarks that Émile de Girardin was the only Frenchman he met who was a professed Republican. The others were for the Republic only as a temporary expedient on the way to something else. At a dinner where the Duke de Broglie and others were present, everybody was against the existing Constitution, and held that it must be got rid of at all hazards. "If we wait for a third Assembly elected by universal suffrage we are lost." The Electoral Bill, said another of the Moderates, "is not the only weapon we are forging. To a counter-revolution we must come, though the road to it cannot yet be distinctly pointed out." In the talk of the salons, "When the émeute takes place" was quite a familiar phrase.

As soon as the Electoral Law was passed, the majority, united only in its hostility to universal suffrage, began to split up into rival fragments, each of which advanced pretensions which the others could not tolerate. The Legitimists raised the banner of Divine right. The Orléanists began to urge the claims of the Count of Paris. The President let it be seen that he no longer held himself bound by the Constitution, and was by no means prepared to retire into private life when his legal tenure of office should come to an end. His progress through the country had a smack of royalty about it which could hardly be mistaken, even if the troops had not, at the bidding of their officers, raised the cry—a treasonable one at that time—of "Vive l'Empereur!" It was obvious that a conflict was preparing between the Assembly and the President, and the question was only which should strike

first. After the *Coup d'Etat*, though the old parties protested against it, they were obliged to admit that it was ratified by the public opinion of France. "In my department, La Somme," said M. Creton, "no one raises or even wishes to raise a voice against him (Louis Napoleon). We are all on our knees." "So it is in mine," said the Duke de Broglie; "so it is in three-fourths of France. For the present he is omnipotent. The fear of the Rouges renders everything possible." De Tocqueville spoke to much the same effect:—

It will last until it is unpopular with the mass of the people. At present the disapprobation is confined to the educated classes. But this is not the feeling of the multitude. Their insane fear of Socialism throws them headlong into the arms of despotism. As in Prussia, as in Hungary, as in Austria, as in Italy, so in France the Democrats have served the cause of the Absolutists. May 1852 was a spectre constantly swelling as it drew nearer. But now that the weakness of the Red party has been proved, now that ten thousand of those who are supposed to be its most active members are to be sent to die of hunger and marsh-fever in Cayenne, the people will regret the price at which their visionary enemy has been put down. Thirty-seven years of liberty have made a free press and free Parliamentary discussion necessities of life to us. If Louis Napoleon refuses them, he will be execrated as a tyrant. If he grants them, they must destroy him.

De Tocqueville's prediction has in a great measure been fulfilled; but as regards both the establishment and the general policy of the Empire it is unquestionable that they met with the approval of the great body of the French people. This is no justification of the Imperial policy, which from the outset was deliberately corrupt in domestic affairs and perfidious abroad; but it explains the firm hold which the Emperor maintained for nearly twenty years on the French people. It was not because his policy was bad, but because it was not successful, that they rejected him. In fact, nearly all his projects were plagiarisms from his predecessors, and had been repeatedly agitated in France. As it happened, the English alliance was one of the main features of his policy, but at first it was something very like a toss-up whether an attack on England would not be substituted. An aggressive and meddlesome foreign policy was evidently determined on from the beginning. The story that Persigny had been sent to Berlin and Vienna to ask for Belgium, the Rhine, and Egypt, giving Hanover to Prussia, Wallachia and Moldavia and the Legations to Austria, Constantinople to Russia, and Piedmont to the Prince of Leuchtenberg, was doubtless an exaggeration, but it seems to have had an undoubted basis of fact. De Beaumont, who was French Minister at Vienna in 1849, says that Louis Napoleon, who was then contemplating a *coup d'état*, sent Persigny in that year to make some propositions of this kind, which were also communicated to the Emperor of Russia. As to the execution of the *Coup d'Etat*, the ladies who lately found the Emperor such a nice, pleasant gentleman when drinking tea with them in the cricket-field will perhaps be rather startled to read some of the atrocities which accompanied it as recorded in Mr. Senior's pages.

TYLOR'S PRIMITIVE CULTURE.*

(Second Notice.)

IF, as Mr. Tylor asserts, the connecting link between mythology and the religions of the world is furnished by Animism, or, in other words, by the universal primitive conviction of mankind that all sensible objects are endowed with life or soul; and if, as he further maintains, this conviction still retains its full force over a large proportion of the human race, and is now producing the same kind of primary myths which in other parts of the world have run into secondary formations, and have finally been crystallized in heroic and even in seemingly historical legends, it becomes a question of the first importance to determine the criterion by which these myths are to be distinguished from mere fictions which have no such root in animistic language. If on this question Mr. Tylor's readers should object that his utterances are not only not clear, but are sometimes studiously indistinct, it can scarcely be said that the complaint is groundless; nor can it be a matter of surprise if on the minds of some who have worked their way through these volumes there should be left a general impression that their movements in the field to which Mr. Tylor introduces them must be very like those of men walking on eggs. The reader is, first of all, told unequivocally that animism is the very foundation of all human fancy; and that the myths springing from this root can be grouped according to their substance, without regard to the races amongst which they are found, and therefore, by a necessary inference, without regard to etymology; for it cannot be maintained that there is between Greek and Maori or Chinese any further connexion than that which may possibly be found to underlie all the variations of human speech. The principles which should guide us are, Mr. Tylor does not hesitate to say, "really few and simple." "The treatment of similar myths from different regions, by arranging them in large compared groups, makes it possible to trace in mythology the operation of imaginative processes recurring with the evident regularity of mental law" (i. 256). Accordingly Mr. Tylor hunts about for the rude stories current amongst Ojibwas, Algonquins, Maoris, or other savages; and when among the first of these he finds the tale that their eponymous hero Ojibwa, while away from his home, being told by the spirits that his brethren were quarrelling

for the possession of his wife, hastened back, and, laying the magic arrows to his bow, stretched the wicked suitors dead at his feet, he at once sees in this Red Indian eponym the counterpart of the Hellenic Odyseus returning "to his mourning, constant Penelopé." It is unnecessary to multiply instances. In our first notice of Mr. Tylor's book we said that with him the stories of Red Riding Hood and of the Wolf and Seven Kids are myths of the dawn; and we might cite from his pages a vast number of legends thus grouped together from mere similarity of incident—from their matter, and not from any identity of names occurring in them. Yet, having said repeatedly that these myths are woven into, and perhaps form the substratum of, the heroic legends of Europe generally, Mr. Tylor lays down from time to time cautions for which, if we may judge by his practice, there seems to be little need or reason. The study of myths is declared to be beset with all but hopeless difficulty, "the moment that the direct comparison with nature falls away" (ii. 267), by the man who sees in the Symplegades the gates of night and morning. Inferences "which on the strength of mere resemblance derive episodes of myth from episodes of nature" are pronounced rash and untrustworthy by the man who sees in the Maori legend of the land brought up from the ocean by the jawbone of Muriranga-whenua a myth of the dawn, and who quotes as an illustration the Vedic hymn which speaks of the spears that glitter on the jawbone of Sarameya (i. 311). If this power of comparison on the ground of likeness in matter is to be taken away or greatly circumscribed, it is obvious that Mr. Tylor's researches must be confined within very narrow limits indeed, or rather that very little room will be left for making any comparisons at all. Nor is it easy to understand why he refers to the etymological canon by which alone Professor Max Müller declares that myths are to be compared, unless it be to show that neither Professor Max Müller's practice nor his own is altogether consistent. When the former compares the Hitopadesa story of the Brahman and the Goat with that of the Master Thief, he makes a comparison which is not only not easy to follow, but is as little supported by etymology as Mr. Tylor's classification of the Red Riding Hood and Wolf and Kids stories among dawn myths. The truth is that, although Mr. Tylor may be perfectly right in saying that "the etymology of names is at once the guide and safeguard of the mythologist" (i. 289), he has extended his researches beyond the limits of etymology much further than Mr. Cox has done, who, while attaching not less importance to etymology, has at the least attempted to determine what amount of likeness may justify the mythologist in assigning a story to a given class of myths. Mr. Tylor may be justified in saying that "the explanation of the rape of Persephone as a native myth of summer and winter does not depend alone on analogy of incident, but has the very names to prove its reality—Zeus, Helios, Démétér—Heaven, and Sun, and Mother Earth"; but what if any one choose to dispute the identification of Zeus and Dyaus with heaven? With Professor Max Müller Démétér is not mother earth, but the Dawn-mother. The instance of Endymion, the plunging sun, the child of Aethlios who has struggled through the clouds, the husband of Asterodia who walks among the stars and is the mother of fifty children, would have been more happy. But, in truth, if we are to advance no further through the labyrinth than the clue of etymology may guide us, Mr. Tylor's labour is almost wholly lost, or at best is in great part perilously delusive; and, without committing ourselves here on one side or the other, it may be safely said that, if the connexion traced by Mr. Cox between the stories of Persephone, Iduna, Brynhild, Rapunzel, the Nix of the Mill Pond, of the ill-tempered princess in the Spanish Patraña, and of Surya Bai in the Deccan tale be not sufficiently established, then the points of likeness traced by Mr. Tylor between most of the myths cited by him are merely so many ingenious guesses which deserve no serious attention.

We have laid thus much stress on this defect in Mr. Tylor's work, because, unless this portion of the ground is cleared, a serious objection is raised at starting to the principles by which he is guided in the wider field of comparisons in religion, laws, and customs. These are each and all compared, and must be compared, solely with reference to their matter; but if tales in which the whole sequence of incidents is the same are not therefore to be regarded as connected, it is at once open to any one to deny that similar developments in different ages or different countries are to be assigned, as Mr. Tylor assigns them, to the parentage of the same philosophy. Whatever may be the real difficulties of the subject, and however great the need of caution, we must be able, so far as we go, to move with confidence, if we are to move to any purpose. If we may not connect the Boots of Teutonic folklore with the Great Fool of Celtic story, "the idiot to whom hosts yield," who marries Fairfane of the Golden City, and with the beggar who, flouted in his own hall, takes a terrible vengeance on those who have wronged his wife, we are not justified in referring, with Mr. Tylor, common expressions in our daily talk or in the language of our poets to the old animistic belief. If we are to suppose that the old notion of a soul capable of separating itself at will from the body survives in such phrases as "out of oneself," "beside oneself," "in an ecstasy," or in the words of the man who speaks of his spirit as going forth to meet his friend, or of the poet who says of the sleeping child, that he

Is dreaming far away,

And is not where he seems,

then we are justified in comparing the stone of Sisyphos, which always rolls down when it has been heaved to the top of the hill,

* *Primitive Culture: Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Art, and Custom.* By Edward B. Tylor, Author of "Researches into the Early History of Mankind," &c. London: John Murray. 1871.

with the blazing four-spoked wheel on which Ixion is stretched at noon-tide.

In truth this element of mythology follows Mr. Tylor everywhere; and with the imposition of limitations for which a clear reason cannot be given, his system falls to the ground. Remove these arbitrary barriers, and the light thrown on the origin and development of religions, laws, and customs may be as wonderful as any thrown by the discovery of Sanskrit on the cognate Aryan dialects. Of these religious beliefs some are pronounced by Mr. Tylor to be pure results of mythical phrases:—

The scene of the descent into Hades is in very deed enacted day by day before our eyes, as it was before the eyes of the ancient myth-maker, who watched the sun descend to the dark under-world, and return at dawn to the land of living men. These heroic legends lie in close-knit connexion with episodes of solar myth. It is by the simplest poetic adaptation of the Sun's daily life, typifying man's life in dawning beauty, in mid-day glory, in evening death, that mythic fancy even fixed the belief in the religions of the world, that the land of departed Souls lies in the Far West, or the World Below. How deeply the myth of the Sunset has entered into the doctrine of men concerning a Future State, how the West and the under-world have become by mere imaginative analogy Regions of the Dead, how the quaint day-dreams of savage poets may pass into honoured dogmas of classic sages and modern divines, all this the crowd of details here cited from the wide range of culture stand to prove (ii. 44).

We cannot get out of the charmed circle by turning to the East. The same law which designed the West for the abode of the dead manifested itself, in Mr. Tylor's judgment, in the rites of Orientation, while the significance of the Eastward consecration of the orthodox Brahman is heightened by the antithesis of the Westward consecration of the Thugs as worshippers of Kali, the black or death-goddess (i. 385). These rites, he asserts, survive in the phraseology of Jeremy Taylor, who says that in the mysteries of baptism "we first renounce him who is in the West and dies to us with our sins; and so, turning to the East, we make a covenant with the Sun of righteousness, promising to be his servants." "To the student of history," Mr. Tylor adds, "it is a striking example of the connexion of thought and rite through the religions of the lower and higher culture, to see surviving in our midst, with meaning dwindled into symbolism, this ancient solar rite. The influence of the divine Sun upon his rude and ancient worshippers still subsists before our eyes as a mechanical force, acting diamagnetically to adjust the axis of the Church and turn the body of the worshipper" (ii. 388). This influence has determined the periods of the great Christian festivals. The solar origin of the feast of Christmas is clear, Mr. Tylor asserts, from the writings of the Fathers after its institution. Augustine and Gregory Nyssen dwell on the growing light and dwindling darkness that follow the nativity, while "Leo the Great, among whose people the earlier solar meaning of the festival evidently remained in strong remembrance, rebukes in a sermon the pestiferous persuasion, as he calls it, that this solemn day is to be honoured, not for the birth of Christ, but for the rising, as they say, of the new Sun" (ii. 270).

The same law of thought has determined further the whole idea of sacrifice, with all its countless developments, beneficent and cruel, horrifying and sublime. The ignoring of death as an interruption, suspension, or cessation of existence, led by logical process to the treatment of the dead as still living, and to the keeping up of direct communication with them. The phantasmal life of the dead still needed food, clothing, and shelter; the shade still busied itself about the tasks which occupied the man on earth, still needed the kindly offices of wife, friends, or followers, who would at once join him by the very simple process of putting themselves to death or allowing others to put them to death. It was obviously impossible to draw any distinction between animate and inanimate possessions. If the dead wife of Periandros felt cold and was naked, the only remedy was to despoil the Corinthian women of their costliest robes, and burn them, that the phantom garments might warm and gladden the phantom soul. If the king who sat on his throne amongst living men wished to send a message to his dead father, he would at once send it by any one whom he might choose for the purpose; and with this belief we are carried directly to the bloody rites of the Dahomans. The messenger sent on this errand first receives his bidding, and having been made drunk with rum is slain in his sleep. Their blood ponds, which fill Europeans with horror, are tributes of affection from the child to the parent who has gone to the unseen land.

The same belief laid the groundwork for the metaphysical doctrine of ideas. "Writers on the history of philosophy," Mr. Tylor tells us, "are accustomed to treat the doctrine as actually made by the philosophical school which taught it. Yet the evidence here brought forward shows it to be really the savage doctrine of object-souls, turned to a new purpose as explaining the phenomena of thought" (i. 449). It also furnished the foundations for gross systems of idolatrous sacerdotalism, whether in animal or tree worship. Mr. Tylor has traced at great length and with much care the developments of the notion which regarded trees, flowers, winds, and waters as living beings, and he lays special stress on the growth of tree worship in connexion with the sensual ritual of the Semitic nations. Few probably will be tempted to deny that Mr. Tylor has proved the branching and foliated tree to have been a primitive object of veneration. The Buddhists of Southern Asia, among whom "a tree-deity is considered human enough to be pleased with dolls set up to swing in the branches," are unquestionably tree-worshippers in this sense. It is also possible or likely that the Semitic sacrifices on mountain-tops and under green groves or trees are to be

referred to the same source; but at the least it remains to be proved that this accounts for every form of so-called tree-worship. The Semitic Ashera was not a foliated and branching tree, but a mere stake or trunk set up upon the stone structure called the altar of Baal; and the whole ritual of Ashera worship has the closest possible relation to the Hindu worship of the Linga and Yoni, which at once carries us to the Phallic processions, to the nautical Isis, and the ship of Athene with its sacred Peplos, exhibited in the great Panathenaic festival. That Mr. Tylor should have passed by in silence a cultus which is now spread over the greater portion of the earth, and which has manifestly been universal, is a serious defect in his work. So strange and terrible have been the results of this worship that the investigation of its origin becomes at the least as important a matter as most of the forms of belief and practice examined in these volumes. If Mr. Tylor's axiom be true, that "one phase of a religious belief is the outcome of another" (ii. 408), the results of the belief which issued in the Linga and Yoni worship may be traced far into the popular convictions, if not the dogmatic theology, of Christendom; and it is unfortunate that Mr. Tylor should have made no effort to draw out the details of the picture which Mr. Cox has sketched in his section on the Vivifying Sun. If the various theories of Sacrifice, Atonement, or Substitution have the origin assigned to them by Mr. Tylor, the explanation of that tree and serpent worship of which he has said nothing will scarcely make greater inroads on the popular belief of Christendom than many of his explanations have made already.

The remarks which we must now bring to an end may serve to show the vast range and importance of the topics handled in these volumes. They can give but a very inadequate idea of the ability and conscientious care with which Mr. Tylor has accomplished his great and momentous task.

KING'S OVID.*

THE choice of metres is a matter of taste, especially the choice of metres to represent in modern garb the poetry of the ancients. The reasons assigned by one translator for preferring the heroic or octosyllabic become in the mouth of another arguments for dismissing them from consideration. And this uncertainty, which in translators may be often traced to their greater facility in the use of this or that metre, extends more inexplicably to critics. "Quot critici, tot sententiae" is almost a truism as to metres for rendering Homer. Still there are, if we seek them, landmarks to be espied, with the guidance of which an average translator or critic could not greatly err. Few would predict success to the attempt (and it has been made) to reduce the irregular lengths and broken flights of the Pindaric ode to the Procrustean uniformity of decasyllabic couplets. And incongruity cannot fail to stamp the endeavour to clothe Latin elegy in any garb which ignores the alternation of long and short verses. As a rule, too, we suspect that blank verse, unless of a very sonorous cadence and a highly cultivated strain, is ill-suited for rendering those rich and glowing epics and quasi-epics of the Augustan age, among which a high rank is due to the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid. We might, indeed, in the last case, distrust our suspicion, as prompted by partiality for another metre, were it not that it receives strong corroboration from the comparison of the blank verse translation of a competent modern scholar, now lying before us, with the old heroic version of George Sandys, which bears the date of 1632. Mr. King's preface commences with an admission more creditable to his candour than to his research, when he states that he has "never even seen the version of Sandys," and that "he is indebted to Lowndes for the very knowledge of its existence"; but had it been otherwise, had he made acquaintance with it before sitting down to turn the *Metamorphoses* into blank verse, his task might probably have either not been attempted at all, or taken a shape which even Dryden's contributions to Dr. Garth's translation, in spite of drawbacks, would go far to recommend, but which Sandys's Ovid indubitably marks for preference. Mr. King may be right in saying that "the public of 1870 knows absolutely nothing of Sandys's *Metamorphoses of Ovid*," because unfortunately it is ignorant of too many of the moulderings of its early literature. Yet, if ever, as recent experiments at familiarizing English readers with the ancient classics make it possible, the many who do not profess to scholars arrive at the capacity of discerning between translations and vehicles of translation, we have little doubt that, in spite of the archaisms and quaintnesses of his epoch, the version of George Sandys, reprinted in a handy form, would hold its own against any that have since seen the light; and we must add that the poet who is to surpass and supersede him must be better versed in the labours of his predecessor, more expert in the use of his instrument, and happier in his choice of such instrument, than Mr. King.

The fairest method of criticism (the dictum, we believe, is Savage Landor's) is by comparison. We have tested, side by side, the versions of Mr. King and of Sandys with the Latin, as a touchstone; and the net result of our comparison is that, whereas it is seldom we find the modern translator's work absolutely faulty, more seldom still is it up to the mark of the elder and predecessor whom he ignores. No translation wholly realizes its original, and

* *The Metamorphoses of Publius Ovidius Naso*. Translated in English Blank Verse. By Henry King, M.A. Fellow of Wadham College, London: Blackwood & Sons. 1871.

the Metamorphoses are a masterpiece in wealth of fancy and diction, in fertility of conceits and pointed expressions, and in natural ease and spontaneous grace. Take away the occasional awkwardness of the joints which link one fable to another, and make allowance for the fact that in all probability Ovid wrote them for separate recitations, and that the welding into a connected work was an afterthought, and it will still have to be admitted by any candid reader that the Metamorphoses are a grand monument of language and rhythm. But would this impression be left on the mind of the English student who made acquaintance with, let us say, the passage respecting the creation of man in the First Book, through Mr. King's blank verse reproduction of it which we submit join:—

Something yet lacked—some holier being—dowered
With lofty soul and capable of rule
And governance o'er all besides—and Man
At last had birth: whether from seed divine
Of Him, the artificer of things, and cause
Of the amended world;—or whether Earth,
Yet new, and late from *Æther* separate, still
Retained some lingering germ of kindred Heaven,
Which wise Prometheus, with the *plastic aid*
Of water borrowed from the neighbouring stream,
Formed in the likeness of all-ordering Gods:
And while all other creatures sought the ground
With downward aspect *grovelling*, gave to man
His port sublime, and bade him scan, erect,
The heavens, and front with upward gaze the stars.
And thus earth's substance, rude and shapeless erst,
Transmuted took the novel form of man.

With some surplusage of epithet, and repetition of the same ideas, and with needless eking out of two Latin lines (respecting the act of Prometheus) into three English, the passage quoted reads fairly enough, and, if it lacks life, does not fall short of a certain dignity of its own. But it is a poor substitute for the handiwork of a poet whom Nisard, in his studies of Latin poets, dubs "chef de l'école facile, l'école de l'esprit des mots." How much easier, after allowance for the age of the writer, and how much more spirited and sonorous, is this nearly line-for-line version of George Sandys. We have altered throughout the archaic orthography:—

The nobler creature with a mind posset
Was wanting yet that should command the rest.
That maker, the best world's original,
Either him framed of seed celestial,
Or Earth, which late he did from heaven divide,
Some sacred seeds retained to heaven allied;
Which with the living stream Prometheus mixed,
And in that artificial structure fixed
The form of all the all-ruling deities:
And whereas others set with downcast eyes,
He with a lofty look did man endue,
And bade him heaven's transcendent glories view;
So that rude clay which had no form afore,
Thus changed, of man the unknown figure bore.

The virtues of this piece of translation consist in its clearness of flow and language, in the rhyme which seems to compensate the Ovidian facility, and in the writer's success in preserving a resemblance between copy and original in point of length. In a single epithet, too, "*fluvialibus undis*," he has soared above Mr. King, who localizes as far as he can the Titan's creative act, whereas Sandys makes him draw the element wherewith he was to render ductile man's primeval clay from "the living stream"—an expression wider and grander and certainly more in keeping with the Latin.

There are many passages which we have marked (that would, on comparison, lead to the same judgment as to the relative merits of the elder and younger translators. One sample must suffice—a passage from the early part of the Second Book, in which Phoebus strives to give his wilful progeny, Phaethon, a few suggestive hints for his hazardous drive. We give Mr. King the precedence:—

Steep is the track at starting, e'en for steeds
Fresh with the morn no easy *climb*;—then lies
High across central heaven, whence, I—e'en I—
On earth and sea not without fear look down;
Then sheer again descends,—sure hand and strong
Demanding, where old Tethys' self, whose waves
Beneath receive me, dreads some day to see
My headlong fall. Add that the heavens around,
In ceaseless revolution borne, attract
And with them drag in dizzy whirr the stars.
Adverse to these my course. All else they sweep
With them save me. Against the rapid rush
Of the world I hold my way.

It may be doubted whether the use of the word "climb" as a substantive has any respectable authority; and in the fifth of these lines Mr. King has not taken the hint of his master to repeat the keyword of the whole passage "via" or "track"; so that it requires some trying back to find out what demands a sure and strong hand. But beside these minor drawbacks to effect, the whole is too rugged and jerky; and therefore the whole is not Ovid. We turn to the Elizabethan translator:—

Steep is the first ascent, which in the prime
Of springing day fresh horses scarce can climb.
At noon through highest skies their course they bear,
Whence sea and land e'en we behold with fear.
Then down the hill of heaven they scour amain
With desperate speed, and need a steady rein,
That Tethys, in whose wavy bowers I lie,
Each evening dreads my downfall from the sky;
Besides, the heavens are daily hurried round,
That turn the stars, to other motions bound.
Against this violence my way I force,
And counter-run their all-o'erbearing course.

The last couplet but one is here a little obscure, but the passage as a whole is highly poetical. From end to end, with the exception mentioned, it runs clear and lucid, with an easy perspicuity calculated to enhance the pleasure of perusal. We may add that in rendering "Medio est altissima celo," Sandys has seen the full meaning of the Latin with a light denied to his successor in the nineteenth century.

In truth Mr. King would have done better had he been less afraid of literalism, and less anxious to remould the diction and expressions of Ovid. When he has to render the fading away of Narcissus, and to express the Latin line

Et neque jam color est mixto candore rubori (III. 49),
he goes out of his way to say:—

Nor charm

Remained of lily or rose—

which is an affectation, instead of adopting a masculine faithfulness such as marks the line of Sandys:—

His meagre cheeks now lost their red and white.

And when the metamorphosis of Narcissus has to be represented from the text

Nusquam corpus erat; croceum pro corpore florem
Inveniunt, foliis medium cingentibus albis (III. 509-11)—

there is just the same difference between the two translators, and the same superiority of the earlier one:—

A flower alone they found, whose heart
Blazed golden 'mid a circlet of white leaves.—(King.)

To fetch his body, which they vainly sought;
Instead whereof a yellow flower was found,
With tufts of white about the button crowned.—(Sandys.)

In some cases, no doubt, circumlocution and variation of the original would be prudent, and, owing to the refinement of his age, the later translator would be in these the more presentable. Nothing can be happier than Mr. King's treatment of the half line, "Si qua latent meliora putat," which sums up Phœbus's admiration of the fugitive Daphne:—

Every grace
Of hand and arm, well nigh to shoulder bared,
Argues unseen perfection.

And when he translates Ovid's account of the collusion with truant Jove for which Juno punished Echo (in Book III. 363)—

Cum deprendere posset
Cum Jove sepe suo nymphas in monte jacentes,
Illa deam longo prudens sermone tenebat,
Dum fugerent nymphæ—

there is nothing amiss in the management of his representative lines, except perhaps the awkward position of the word "jealous":—

When oft her truant lord
Jealous among the mountain nymphs she sought,
Echo in talk would hold her, till the search
Was vain—the nymphs were gone.

We are not sure, however, that most readers will not even here commend rather the lucid explicitness of Sandys:—

Her long discourses made the Goddess stay,
Until the Nymphs had time to run away.

The reader of Mr. King's version is indeed safe from the conceits which Elizabethan and Jacobean translators dearly love to import. He does not, when he has to translate "et dura quercus sudabant rosida mella," harp like Sandys on "honey distilling from green holly-okes"; and it is not always that even Sandys, who was a true scholar, is so happy in his liberties with the letter of Ovid, as where he turns the description of Jove's Palace (I. 175-6, *Hic locus est—Palatia coeli*):—

This glorious roof I would not doubt to call,
Had I but boldness lent me, *Heaven's White-Hall.*

But we must confess that, wherever we have tested them, Sandys is mostly the more accurate as well as the more poetic of the two, and that, seeing Ovid's drift clearly, he has the knack of conveying that which he apprehends. How much more distinct is the personification of Summer (II. 28)—

Stabat nuda aestas, et spicae sera gerebat—

in the version of Sandys—

Wheat-ears the brows of naked summer bound—
than the more ambitious but less warrantable image of King:—

And summer, lightly clad
With wreaths of odorous spices.

On the whole, however, instances of actual mistranslation in Mr. King's version are commendably few; and are referable, where they occur, to differences of punctuation in the text he has adopted, to his want of enterprise in ignoring former translations, or to confusion arising out of a mistaken zeal to clear up his author's meaning by a surplusage of words. In famous passages he sometimes rises to a higher range of merit. The celebrated soliloquy of Medea at the beginning of the Seventh Book, for example, is rendered with so much more than average fire that we transcribe a snatch or two of it, without setting Sandys over against it, to compensate in some measure for aught of severity in our foregoing remarks:—

Forbid it, Gods! Yet what my need to pray
To Gods when I can save him? But for this
Must I be traitor to my land and sire,
And rescue by my aid this wandering Greek.

That saved by me without me he may spread
His homeward sails, and leave Medea here
To meet the doom she merits? If of this
His soul were capable—could he to me
Another dare prefer—why let the wretch
Perish as he deserves! No, no! his face
Forbids the thought! Nobility of soul
Is stamped too clear on that fair front, for doubt
Of faithless fraud, or base ingratitude!
Yet he shall pledge him first—the Gods his oath
Shall witness to our covenant! What to fear
Is left thee, then? Up, gird thee! for delay
Is death! For aye thy debtor for his life
Preserved must Jason be! and torch and rite
His honoured wife will make thee, and through all
Pelasgian cities shall their matrons hail
The Saviour of their Prince.

There is hardly anything to find fault with in this passage. And yet as we transcribe it we are forcibly reminded of another argument which might have suggested itself to Mr. King, and have operated in favour of the "heroic" measure, instead of that which he has unfortunately preferred. The very mention of Medea, and the very thought of Jason, calls up the recollection of Mr. Morris's *Life and Death of Jason*; and that poem is, as such storied poems to be read should be, in English heroics.

MRS. STOWE'S PINK AND WHITE TYRANNY.*

MRS. BEECHER STOWE appears before us in this novel as the preacher of a moral whose soundness we should be the last to deny; though it is, perhaps, connected not more naturally than is generally the case with the substance of the narrative. For fear, however, that we may perchance miss it, or even draw some wholly erroneous conclusions of our own, she takes the trouble to set it down before us in the plainest possible black and white. Though the proposition which she maintains is not exactly new, we shall venture to repeat it, especially as it seems to us to be, on the whole, the most valuable part of the book. Mrs. Stowe, then, has been much surprised to see that

The people who really at heart have the interests of women upon their minds have been so short-sighted and reckless as to clamour for an easy dissolution of the marriage contract, as a means of righting their wrongs. Now [she asks] is it possible that they do not see that this is a liberty, which, once granted, would always tell against the weaker sex?

If women are to be allowed to desert an unsuitable partner, the same license must of course be granted to men. The person who is, on the whole, the most dependent on the contract will of course suffer the most by the power of breaking it off at pleasure. If husbands who get tired of their wives are to part company at their own arbitrary will, there can be no doubt that the women will, as a general rule, have the worst of it. The husband will have a tremendous threat, to be used, if he chooses, for enforcing his tyrannical rules; and the number of "miserable broken-winged butterflies who sink down, down, down into the mud of the street" will be considerably increased. We shall not expatiate upon this argument, which, as Mrs. Stowe most truly says, has been surprisingly neglected by the advocates of women's rights. We need only remark that people who begin to reconstruct society by neglecting obvious facts, and who assume that the inequality between the sexes is a matter of arbitrary legislation, and therefore removable by repealing laws, are very apt to be cruel in their kindness. The tendency of most of their schemes is more or less directly against the permanence of the marriage bond; and, if they could once break down what is, in fact, the greatest security that women possess, they would do infinitely more harm to their clients than could be compensated by opening professions to them or endowing them with the franchise.

So much we say in order to show that our sympathies are in this matter entirely with Mrs. Stowe. Her text is good; and now we must endeavour to form some estimate of the sermon. Is the story interesting in itself? and, assuming it to be a fair average account of the life which is led by a large class of American women, does it go to strengthen her argument? The first is doubtless the most important question even in America, and to our readers it will probably be the only one upon which they will much care to receive information. Even in the childish days when we read the stories of bad little boys who perished miserably because they broke the Sabbath, we fear that we took much more interest in the adventures narrated than in the moral; and we do not fear that our readers will accuse us of insulting them when we attribute to them substantially the same preference. Looking at it from this point of view, we must say that *Pink and White Tyranny* belongs to a class of novels which is not very attractive to English readers. It is an attempt to describe the manners and customs of the fast young ladies of New York. We have met many specimens of the class both in their native haunts and on the Continent; we have marvelled at the enormous boxes which the necessities of their toilet oblige them to carry about, to the confusion of railroad porters and the overcrowding of the entrance-halls of hotels; we have been abashed by the splendour to which those boxes apparently minister, and which utterly casts into the shade the utmost efforts of the female companions of the traditional British milord. We must admit, moreover, to do them justice, that the fine young ladies from New York have some innate talents for display. We fear, so far as we are qualified

to form a judgment on such delicate matters, that they understand the art of dress better than their British sisters; their beauty is beyond all power of cavil, and, if their manners do not in all respects conform to our conventions, certainly they show no want of vivacity and cleverness. We must confess, however, that we doubt whether they are specially good subjects for a novelist, and we doubt still more whether Mrs. Beecher Stowe is capable of making the best out of such materials. After all, there is a certain amount of human nature even in a shoddy aristocracy; they have passions and interests of their own, and though there may be a certain tone of vulgarity about them, it is probable that a writer of true genius and the necessary experience might contrive to interest us in their histories.

If Mrs. Stowe possesses one of these qualifications she must certainly be deficient in the other. To say nothing of the story by which she will continue to be chiefly known, the last novel of hers which we reviewed, *Old Town Folks*, showed real power for extracting what inner beauty lurks under uncouth exteriors in the old New England life. But it seems to us that she is rather at sea in describing the special feminine type of which Lillie Ellis is a representative. She does indeed all she can to put it distinctly before us. We have for a background all the splendour of millinery and upholstery that can be provided in a country where, whatever may be its other faults, any tendency to niggardliness of expenditure is certainly a rare weakness. There is a description of a ball in New York which is calculated to make the reporters of the *Morning Post* gnash their teeth with envy; and by way of one characteristic touch we may mention that when the heroine retires into the country with the husband she has caught, her washing for a week costs at least twenty dollars. But this mode of appealing to our imaginations is hardly of the most artistic kind. Mr. Disraeli has spoilt us. The splendours of *Lothair* set us, we may proudly say, far above anything that is likely to be accomplished by our upstart rivals in the new country. It will be long before any possessor of railroads and opera-houses in New York can array himself in the feudal splendour which surrounds our imaginary dukes. When we ask for the living human being who ought to be concealed under this oppressive mass of finery, we are rather disappointed. Miss Ellis, who pursues the noble sport of matchmaking under the conditions in which that amusement is practised in America, ought to be a kind of Transatlantic Becky Sharpe. She reads French novels, she does not care for her baby when it makes its appearance, her great object is to persuade her excellent but sober-minded husband to join in the social race for distinction in America; and when he refuses to desert his business, she takes to flirtations which are scarcely confined within the limits of propriety. Unluckily, when we try to form a distinct picture of the young woman herself, we must confess that she strikes us as rather stupid. Judging from the name and apparent design of the book, she ought to be a kind of siren, a modern Vivien overcoming masculine virtue by her ingenious wiles. But though there is a great deal of talk about her fascinations, we have to take them chiefly on trust; and the tone of the society in which she delights is so undeniably vulgar that we can hardly believe in its attractions. When an artist paints the temptation of St. Anthony, he should at least make the devil put on a seductive form. Poor Miss Lillie Ellis is declared to be exquisitely beautiful, and is certainly recklessly extravagant; but we feel rather sceptical as to her possession of more refined charms. Her husband overhears a party of fast young men discussing her merits. "Why didn't you take little Lill yourself?" asks one of them of the other, who elegantly replies that she "knew too much," and was "too cursedly extravagant." He prefers that she should have a husband to pay her bills. He adds that he keeps her in cigarettes; says that she used to talk religion to him, and gave him a prayer-book—a dodge which he considers that she learnt from George Sand's novels, though we confess that we should scarcely have sought for it in that author; and winds up by criticizing the skill which she exhibits in painting her face. We will not insult the ladies of America by supposing that this is a fair specimen of the way in which they are ordinarily discussed by American gentlemen, even of the fast order; but the impression we receive is, that the lady who gets such homage is about equal in point of taste to a second-rate flirt in a small garrison town; nor does anything that Miss Lillie says or does tend to disabuse us of that notion.

In short, Mrs. Stowe seems to us to have taken a mere lay figure, such as is ordinarily belaboured in tracts. She is an incarnation of fashionable frivolity and extravagance, but in reality has, like Pope's women, no character at all. We ought not, it may be, to complain of this rather simple-minded method of setting forth the evils of a luxurious society, because whatever unfairness it may contain is made up for on the opposite side. If Miss Lillie is a mere milliner's block, her admirable husband and his admirable sisters and friends are at least equally dull in their way. We are told that they lead an innocent country life, and enjoy certain intellectual pleasures. They have occasional parties, which the wicked Miss Lillie has the bad taste to consider intolerably dull, where, as it appears, they read Mr. Lecky's *History of Morals* and Mr. Froude's works aloud, and subsequently discuss them. But, in spite of that intellectual dissipation, we confess to an unpleasant feeling that Springdale—the model New England village—must have been a very deadly-lively place of permanent residence.

On the whole, Mrs. Stowe appears to us to have committed the most fatal sin of a novelist, that of being distinctly dull. How far this is her fault in leaving the ground on which she is naturally

* *Pink and White Tyranny*. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1871.

strongest, and how far it is a necessary consequence of the monotonous exterior of American society, is a question which we shall not seek to investigate. Only we regret that a book which is meant to enforce an excellent moral should hardly possess the one qualification for enforcing any moral, good or bad—that, namely, of being generally readable. We hope that the next time we meet Mrs. Stowe it may be on the ground where she has been able to discover materials for composing good novels as well as second-rate tracts. There is just a trace or two of her old power in one or two places; but we are sorry that we are confined to a mere passing glimpse, for example, of the stern preacher who tells Miss Lillie that he shall pray that her beauty may be destroyed by the small-pox as the only chance for the salvation of her soul.

RECENT TRAVELS IN NORTHERN ASIA.*

IT is difficult to understand the motives which induced Mr. Whyte to publish the work before us. The route between Peking and Kiachta—to a description of which by far the greater part of his book is devoted—crosses one of the most uninteresting tracts of country in the inhabited globe. The monotony of the sandy desert of Gobi is unrelieved even by a hillock, and at the time of year when Mr. Whyte travelled through it, the wind is so tempestuous that the traveller is obliged to live almost entirely under the cover of his cart. If, however, Mr. Whyte had been the first Englishman to cross the desert, that fact would perhaps have been a sufficient excuse for his having published his experiences by the way; but the route had been previously traversed not only by numbers of our own countrymen, but by several ladies connected with the missions at Peking, who had preferred returning to their homes in Russia and France by this shorter but infinitely more uncomfortable route, rather than face the monsoons on the China coast and the heat of the Red Sea. One of the former, Mr. Michie, published in 1864, so full and trustworthy a description of the Siberian overland journey that little is left for Mr. Whyte to add, except a few trifling personal incidents and his own observations on men and things, which latter, as we shall proceed to show, are not such as to inspire confidence in his judgment.

Mr. Whyte is evidently one of those people who find difficulty in arriving at a correct opinion on any given subject. If the present had been his first visit to China, the extraordinary mistakes into which he flounders might have been forgiven him; but he leads us to suppose, from the way in which he speaks of places and people, that he had on a former occasion been resident in the Flower Land for some years; and we are therefore at a loss to account for the misconceptions and ignorant assertions which abound in his pages, except by ascribing to him a great want in the perceptive faculty, coupled with a very imperfect knowledge of the subject of which he treats. He visited Canton, and volunteers the information that it "is certainly the best city in China." We suppose that Mr. Whyte has never heard of Hangchow or Soochow, or numbers of other cities in the interior which far surpass Canton in beauty of situation and construction. He went to Peking, and with a like limited experience, after a few days' residence within its walls, pronounces it to be, "without exception, the most miserable, dirty, poverty-stricken town in China." In similar strains he very soon disposes of the literary claims of the Chinese. "To talk of Chinese literature," he says, "with the exception of the works of Confucius, is ridiculous, whilst Chinese scholars are the most ignorant, fanatical set in the country." It is almost an insult to our readers to point out the absurdity of such a statement as this; but for the sake of those who desire to know how far they may pin their faith to Mr. Whyte's assertions, we may say that in the vast literature of China, extending over a period of four-and-twenty centuries, only one work can with certainty be ascribed to the pen of Confucius. A writer of contemporary literature has said that China is a country about which almost every traveller has told lies. We, however, prefer to believe that the mistakes into which most writers on China have fallen have arisen from their possessing but a slight knowledge of the country and people, and faulty powers of observation. For instance, Mr. Whyte assures us that the following is a correct description of a military examination at which he was present at Canton:—

A deep trench was dug in a circle, and two targets were placed at equal distances from the centre. The competitor mounted a very slow pony, who trotted round the trench; the rider then approached the target, and when close, put the arrow against it, pulled the bow, and of course each time placed the arrow successfully in the target. Three times did he perform this wondrous feat, and then, kneeling at the governor's feet, was dubbed an officer.

Though we have no hesitation in saying that no such military examination ever took place at Canton or at any other city in China, we have no doubt that Mr. Whyte tells the story in perfect good faith; only probably the ceremony he witnessed was not what he conceives it to have been, and the chances are that, whatever it was, he has misunderstood it.

After what we have said, our readers will hardly be surprised to hear that Mr. Whyte's views on the "situation" in China are intensely anti-Chinese, and are devoid of that judicial

* *A Land Journey from Asia to Europe: being an Account of a Camel and Sledge Journey from Canton to St. Petersburg through the Plains of Mongolia and Siberia.* By William Athenry Whyte, F.R.G.S. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1871.

Overland through Asia: Pictures of Siberian, Chinese, and Tartar Life. By Thomas W. Knox. London: Trübner & Co. Hartford: Bliss & Co. 1871.

fairness which might make their expression valuable. His notions as to the relations of China with foreign countries are, to say the least, vague. He appears to think that at the end of the last war we alone made a treaty with China, and that other nations crept in under the shadow of our wings; hence that England is looked upon as the representative foreign Power in China. And then he goes on to say—but as we have not been quite able to catch Mr. Whyte's meaning in what he does go on to say, we must decline to paraphrase him, and will quote his own words:—

Now, when England withdraws her fleet, neglects to protect her subjects, snubs her consuls for doing their duty—*sic!* Mr. Gibson, who, for doing his strict duty, was snubbed and disgraced, and died of a broken heart. But what of that? Peace to his remains!

In another place he says:—

That all the murders lately perpetrated at Tien-tsin are due to the present English Government nobody in China can doubt. . . . Chinamen, when they see that they can murder Englishmen with impunity, and evade every treaty, grow bold and aggressive under the impression that England is no longer a Power able to protect her subjects, or is afraid to do so; and there is no doubt, under the present guidance of English affairs, the whole community in China might be murdered, and it would not excite the smallest pity or action.

Such are the deliberate opinions of a traveller who went to China on purpose to write a book, and who has had more than a year to brood over his manuscript.

With discourses such as these our author beguiled himself on his way to Peking, whence, in company with an American gentleman, he had arranged to travel through Mongolia and Siberia. His experience of the capital was not agreeable, and he brings a charge of gross inhospitality against the members of the British Legation. He asserts that, starved and weary, he presented himself late one evening at the residence of the Minister, in the hope of obtaining shelter; "but," in his own words, "the official who received me, after casting a contemptuous glance at my wretched appearance, refused to allow me even the shelter generally accorded to a dog, and turned me out into the street, where I might have been starved or had my throat cut." Now, were it not for two good reasons to the contrary, we should feel bound to believe that Mr. Whyte did receive scant courtesy at the hands of the Minister. We have, however, already seen how incapable Mr. Whyte appears to be of accurately recording anything as it really happened; and further, the hospitality offered by the members of the Legation to all travellers visiting Peking is too well known amongst residents in China to require confirmation here. We shall notice but one other charge made by Mr. Whyte against officials in China, and that only because no statement on the subject of China is too preposterous to be received with credence in England. In speaking of the "contempt with which the British authorities treat their own countrymen," he says:—"If I, as an Englishman, were invited by a mandarin to his house, the English consul, if he heard of it, would forbid me to go, and by such means the two nations are prevented from understanding one another." Now, apart from the doubt which perhaps Mr. Whyte will allow us to express, whether his intercourse with a Chinese mandarin would tend to either of the two arriving at a better understanding of the people of the other nation, it must be plain to every one who knows anything of the authority possessed by consuls, that they would have no power whatever to order a British subject to refuse the invitation of a mandarin to his house; but the truth is that in addition to the fact that very few foreign merchants in China speak Chinese, the manner of their class towards the natives is not, as a rule, such as to make mandarins desirous of their company.

Judging from the value of Mr. Whyte's opinions on the comparatively well-known subject of China, we were not surprised to find confusion worse confounded when he came to deal with Mongolia and the Mongolians. This part of his book certainly makes us wish that consuls in China were as powerful as Mr. Whyte represents them to be, and that they would put their veto on such men as himself travelling in any out-of-the-way region. We cannot imagine anything less calculated to inspire the natives with respect for foreigners than frequent intercourse with such visitors. Throughout his journey he appears sedulously to have presented the least agreeable side of the English character to the natives with whom he was brought in contact. At one time he was foolishly pompous, at another he was childishly facetious, and he was always ridiculous. In one page he extatiates on the beauty of the innocence of the Mongols and their freedom from the vice of drinking, and a little later he tells us how he and his companion plied two Lamas with whisky until they drank a bottle of pure spirit between them, from the effects of which they sang and yelled frantically. "I shall never forget it, and how we laughed," adds the highly intelligent author. The frankness with which he describes the terror he experienced on several occasions, as when, for instance, one night in the desert his companions strayed away from him, would be laughable if it were not pitiable. The shock his nerves received on this occasion seems to have permanently confused his ideas, if we may judge from the description he gives of the expedient to which he was driven to escape the notice of any chance passer-by; for he says, "To make matters worse, that perverse animal"—his camel—"insisted now on lying down, so all I could do was to wait patiently in hope, so as not to attract attention."

In many respects Mr. Knox's book is very superior to Mr. Whyte's. The style is lively, though not always in the best taste, and the author manages to say what he means, although his

narrative seems at times so highly coloured that one must reserve the right of exercising a discretion as to the literal acceptance of his statements. Portions of it, we are told in the preface, have appeared in *Harper's*, *Putnam's*, the *Atlantic*, the *Galaxy*, the *Overland Monthly*, and in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. Mr. Knox has, we think, made a mistake in dishing up, in the form of a book of travels, articles which were doubtless admirably suited to the taste of American magazine readers. In his desire, we suppose, to make his work as complete as possible, he has attempted to describe certain districts and countries which it is plain, from internal evidence, that he cannot have visited. Such a mode of writing might possibly escape observation in the columns of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, but it scarcely suits the grave aspect of the solid-looking octavo volume before us. Our attention was attracted to the part of his work relating to China by observing that some of the plates therein used were manifest copies of those which first appeared in Mr. Michie's *Siberian Overland Route*; and a closer inspection convinced us that Mr. Knox has been indebted to other sources than his own personal observation for much of the information he gives us on that subject. The following may be taken as a specimen of the style of the book, and also of the untrustworthy nature of much of its contents:—

The lottery has a place in the Chinese Courts of Justice. There is one mode of capital punishment in which a dozen or twenty knives are placed in a covered basket, and each knife is marked for a particular part of the body. The executioner puts his hand under the cover and draws at random. If the knife is for the toes, they are cut off one after another; if for the feet, they are severed, and so on until a knife for the head or neck is reached. Usually the friends of the victim bribe the executioner to draw early in the game a knife whose wound will be fatal, and he generally does as he agrees. The bystanders amuse themselves by betting as to how long the culprit will stand it. Facetious dogs, those Chinese!

We will only add that the work is profusely illustrated with facetious and other engravings.

THE LONE RANCHE.*

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, however extravagant he may be in the incidents of his story, is at all events wise enough to lay its scene in some of the wildest of countries. He does not, like many of his rivals, from the very first challenge our disbelief by representing our ordinary humdrum life as one of varied accidents and crimes. If all the good people of the story are ever being led up to death's door only to be led back again, and if all the bad people of the story are ever leading them up to death's door only to find it at last open to themselves, and themselves alone, it is in a country sufficiently remote and wild to remove half the improbability of these stirring incidents. The standard of probability in Belgravia is one thing; "in the city of Chihuahua, metropolis of the northern provinces of Mexico," it is another thing. For heroes and heroines to get out of one danger into another danger must be the common routine of things in a country "where the tomahawk of the Comanche and the spear of the Apache have thinned off the descendants of the *conquistadores*, until country-houses stand at wide distances apart, with more than an equal number of ruins between." In London certainly we have Mr. Bruce and the Hansom cabs; but, after all, the rate at which they thin off the descendants of a slower-going generation is not sufficiently rapid to justify an author in getting his heroine more than once beneath the wheels. Captain Mayne Reid should remember, however, that even when he takes his reader to Chihuahua, he cannot expect him to leave his judgment altogether behind him, nor should he, even in the midst of the Staked Plain, indulge too frequently in what he rightly calls "a contingency of the strangest kind." We are willing to make him all allowances, and to admit that the current of life does not run altogether smoothly and regularly with Apaches and Comanches, half-bred Mexicans, and Texas Rangers. We are ready to admit that at the most trying moments, when the heroine is being dragged off on one side and the hero on the other, when the hated rival is claiming her as his bride and him as his victim, the solitary crack of a rifle will be heard, the tall form of a deliverer will come bounding through the brushwood, and, over the villain's prostrate body, will with tears join the hands of the faithful lovers. Striking as this scene is, it may be repeated a little too often, and thus lead the chance reader to wish that for once the deliverer had come just too late, and so put an end to all future contingencies. Captain Mayne Reid, however, must, we presume, know better than we can the taste of his numerous readers, and he is doubtless aware that the last thing that they demand from him is repose. The bill of fare that he sets before them in his table of contents must be appetizing enough, and, unlike most bills of fare, will be found scarcely to have done justice to the dishes provided. To our simpler tastes it reads like a feast where savoury pies should be relieved by game-pies and game-pies by savoury pies; but then, for all we know, there may be many who would prefer such food to beef or mutton. Who ever came across a more startling series of occurrences than is just hinted at in the following headings of ten consecutive chapters of the first volume of *The Lone Ranche?* Surrounded—Knife, Pistol, and Hatchet—Through the Smoke—The Pursuers at Bay—In Darkness—A Savage Satural—A Living Tomb—Off at Last—The Departure of the Plunderers—A Strange Transformation. By the time that Frank Hamersley, the

hero, has, with the help of Walt Wilder, a stalwart Kentuckian, gone through all these dangers and a good many more besides, it is then time for the heroine to begin. When she also has got into a great many dangers and out of them again by means of further "contingencies of the strangest kind," then the wicked people are all killed off, ten of them at one volley, and the young couple are allowed to be happy and uneventful.

We must do Captain Mayne Reid the justice to admit that, though we have read a great many accounts of fights with Indians, we nevertheless read this story of the terrific combat between the Comanche headed by the Horned Lizard on the one side, and the Yankees headed by Walt Wilder on the other side, with breathless interest. When of the fifteen white men thirteen were slain, when their encampment was all in flames, and when before the two survivors were troops of mounted Indians, and behind them "a continuous cliff rising wall-like to the height of several hundred feet," we must confess that we thought that it was scarcely even in the power of Captain Mayne Reid to save Frank Hamersley, the hero though he was. But happily, even if a rock of red sandstone rose "rugged and frowning full five hundred feet overhead," it might have "an opening in the precipitous escarpment," and of this opening the Kentuckian might have heard. The two rush hastily up it out of sight among the boulders, delaying the pursuit for a few moments by a rifle and a cap so artfully arranged over a horse they kill for the purpose as to look like a man. The ravine—as ravines will do which are travelled by fugitives—presently parted, and our hero—as heroes will do when hard pressed—took the wrong turning. "They had not gone twenty paces further up when the sloping chasm terminated. It debouched on a little platform, covered with large loose stones, that there rested after having fallen from the cliff above. But at a single glance they saw that this cliff could not be scaled." To retrace their steps was impossible, as they heard by the voices that the Indians were already ascending the main ravine. Again, "by a contingency of the strangest kind," a search for a hiding-place among the loose rocks was rewarded by the discovery of "a dark cavity," down which they crept for some thirty feet. They were not long left in peace, for the baffled Indians presently began to shower down pieces of rock, one of which came so unpleasantly near as to tear a couple of buttons off the hero's coat. As if this were not enough, lighted fagots were also thrown in, which Walt Wilder recognised by the first whiff as "the stalks of the creosote plant, the *ideodondo* of the Mexican table-land, well known for its power to cause asphyxia." But destiny, which had intended to marry the hero to the heroine, was not to be baffled by so modern a thing as creosote, and so kindly furnished an inner cave, with an opening narrow enough to be "closed by a curtain of broadcloth held so hermetically that even the fumes of assafetida could not possibly have penetrated inside." For awhile there was a pause in the operations of the savages, followed by a "short period of silence." At length what our author calls "the interregnum" ended "with a loud rumbling noise, and a grand crash." The savages had rolled in a huge rock, and had thoroughly barred up the way out. Our hero and his Kentuckian friend had read neither of Aristomenes the Messenian nor of Sindbad the Sailor. Otherwise it would not have needed an argument drawn from the fact that the smoke rapidly ascended to convince them that their "living tomb" had a way out at the bottom. By this they escaped, only soon to find themselves in the vast desert of the Staked Plain without food or water. After struggling on for four days our hero gives in and lies down at the foot of a tree to die, while his friend goes on in the hope of yet finding a stream. As the Staked Plain is as large as England, and is not inhabited, we were not in the least anxious for our hero, as we recognised it as just that sort of place where a dying hero would be saved by the sudden appearance of a heroine. Up she came cantering on "a pretty mustang mare of golden yellow colour, with white mane and tail," herself far prettier still. She was the sister of Colonel Miranda, the hero's best friend, and she was the original of a portrait with which he had already fallen in love. Happily she had some "cold tortillas left" and some "chile colorado"; so, with the help of a calabash of water, she was able to refresh Frank sufficiently for him to ride on the mustang to the Lone Ranche, where she and her brother were dwelling in exile. There Walt Wilder joined them, and found that for him, the demi-hero, there was a demi-heroine provided. Love-making went on most prosperously, and all that seemed to be wanting was a priest to marry off the two couples. Unhappily, through the treachery of a servant, their retreat is discovered by the wicked Colonel Uruga, the rival of Frank Hamersley, the deadly foe of Colonel Miranda, the heroine's brother, and the secret instigator and abettor of the attack made by the Indians on the unfortunate Yankees. He with a strong force of horsemen surprises the Lone Ranche, and carries off Miranda and the charming Adela with her pretty maid Concheta. Fortunately Frank and Walt Wilder managed to escape, but what could two men do against fifty? If it had been in the days of needle-guns and chassepots we would not have given them up, for with the author's friendly aid there would not have been anything extraordinary in one man bringing down his five-and-twenty. The wicked Uruga divides his force into two parties, and hurries his captives off into the very heart of the desert. There he offers Adela the alternative of marriage with him or her brother's death. Hereupon follows a succession of scenes no less effective in their startlingness than the rapid reports of a cracker. Miranda, seeing no other way left, attempts to slay his sister first and himself next. Happily "the intending sororicide and suicide was disarmed."

* *The Lone Ranche: a Tale of the "Staked Plain."* By Captain Mayne Reid, Author of "*The Headless Horseman*." 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1871.

Uruga, enraged, orders out the unfortunate Colonel and his friend, a doctor, for instant execution, and watches while they are bound to two trees and the troopers are making ready to shoot them. But here we must let the author tell the story in his own impressive words:—

The sergeant placed himself on the right flank of the line of dismounted troopers.

"Attention!" was the command that came from Uruga, delivered in a subdued voice, but loud enough to be audible to the firing party.

"Make ready!"

The carbines came to the "ready."

"Take aim!"

The guns were briskly brought to the level; their barrels glistened bronzed under the setting sun; their muzzles pointed to the prisoners. Those who held them in hand but waited for the word "Fire!"

It came not. Before it could pass from the lips of Uruga, his nine lancers lay flat along the grass—their carbines, having escaped from their grasp, lying still loaded beside them.

It was as if they had been suddenly struck down by a *coup de soleil*, or the hand of God himself.

By another "contingency of the strangest kind," a party of Texas Rangers had ridden up a few hours after the troopers had carried off their captives, and had fallen in with Frank Hamersley and Walt Wilder. With them they had set off to the rescue, and apparently had not arrived till the guns had been brought to the level. For, as there were no spectators, we can scarcely imagine that to increase the effectiveness of the tableau they had waited till the last word of command was to be given. The wicked Uruga and his lieutenant have a whole chapter to themselves, entitled "A New Mode of Hanging." The young couples are married, and lest Colonel Miranda should remain a bachelor, Frank Hamersley is discovered to have a sister.

We must not forget to add that Captain Mayne Reid embellishes almost every page of his story with Spanish words in much the same way as cockney tradesman embellishes his suburban lawn with plaster casts. His doctor is a *medico*, and people on separating for the night bid each other *buena noche*. His soldier gets "his *suello* and rations," and his refugees are kept informed of the *novedades*. With a few Latin and French words thrown in by way of variety, a very agreeable effect is produced. Our author's English is not unworthy of the company into which it constantly gets, or of the scenes which it is called upon to describe. His heroine carries a "gun and its concomitant accoutrements," and her luggage is well described as "paraphernalia," while the wicked Uruga's beard is on one page "a hirsute sign," and on another page a "Caucasian sign of virility."

THE NILE WITHOUT A DRAGOMAN.*

M R. EDEN'S book is a pleasant one; but we are puzzled to say whether he intends his experiences on the Nile to be an example or a warning. By dispensing with the accustomed dragoman, he made his voyage with considerable economy of money, but at a great expenditure of trouble. Expenditure of temper it would have been in the case of most men, but Mr. Eden has evidently in a large measure the placidity of disposition that goes so far to smooth the ways of travel, while his resignation to the inevitable places him in a certain sympathy with the most provoking side of Oriental life. But we suspect that ordinary people who intend ascending the father of rivers with the ordinary objects will be inclined to consider a journey without a dragoman dear at any price. The charm of the Nile voyage, whether it is prescribed for health or indulged in by way of luxury, consists in the entire emancipation from care, in the lotus-eating languor in which you float through a rosy-skied dreamland. You have left anxieties and money troubles, and parochial matters and bothers generally far behind you. You are exceedingly likely to miss the rare letters that affectionate relatives launch on your track; and although the omnivorous telegraph may dog your desert-bound keel-track, yet familiarity breeds contempt for it, and with time the perpetual vision of the wire loses its terrors. But what advantages it you that you have dropped out of the familiar world of the annoyances which have been fretting you since your school days, if you find you have merely exchanged the frying-pan for the fire? You have to go back to school in a new sphere of vexations, painfully mastering its A B C, or rather their Arabic equivalents. The mind that had predestined itself to luxurious inaction, or to sublime contemplation of the marvels and mysteries of antiquity, finds itself overstrained in perpetual and painful gymnastics with the slippery native intelligence. Or, to change the metaphor, it is Prometheus chained to the deck of his dahabeah, with flights of rogues jackdaws pecking at his liver, jarring his nerves, and deafening his ears with their clamour. You constitute yourself sailing-master as well as courier, and the old proverb about the master's eye applies with hundred-fold force. *Nunquam dormio* should be the motto inscribed on your prow when your vessel tricks herself coquettishly out with the fresh paint of the season. The only point of compensation is that you more thoroughly master the shallow mazes of the native nature, although whether it is worth while to suffer so much for knowledge so little worth the having is another question. We have no reason to believe that Mr. Eden was exceptionally unfortunate in his crew, yet he found only one tolerably decent servant in the number. Lady Duff Gordon's rose-coloured experiences notwithstanding, there must always be something eminently unsatisfactory in relations between English-

men and Egyptians. There is no such thing as common ground on which the minds of the two races can meet to attempt a pleasant understanding. Kindness is weakness in native eyes; an act of good-nature is the signal for abuse; and if you give your crew but an inch of rope, they straightway run out with an ell of it. The outward and visible signs by which they recognise a master are harshness and sternness. If he push harshness to brutality, he will be all the more respected; and arbitrary tyranny is the surest way to be beloved. Now it is not a pleasant thing for an English gentleman, perhaps an invalid, suddenly to deny his nature and renounce his habits—to cultivate frowns for smiles, and transform himself into a tyrant and a taskmaster. Nor is it agreeable to know that the air you breathe is heavily tainted with deceit; that you are surrounded by upscrupulous conspirators watching each chance to get the better of you. It does not promote the enjoyment of your trip to feel that turning your back is the signal for mischief, and that while you are following wild fowl or deciphering hieroglyphics, your floating home is at the mercy of an enemy, and that enemy the people of your own household. Fortunately or unfortunately, the conditions of health that sent Mr. Eden up the Nile tied him more closely to his dahabeah than is generally the case with travellers, and thus his followers found fewer opportunities of getting the better of him. But, on the other hand, he had more ample opportunities of studying their little ruses and getting at their real natures, and the consequence is that we have a series of very minute and extremely unfavourable sketches of the native character. Call it vice or virtue, nothing is odder, or more unlucky for the employer, than the way his men hang together when it becomes a question of "doing" him. In pure selfishness or sheer malignity they will make serious sacrifices of which, at another time or for a different purpose, they would be utterly incapable. For some private reason, one of the hands desires to land at some particular village, and consequently to delay the boat. Forthwith his comrades keep the dahabeah tacking in the teeth of unfavourable breezes and formidable currents. They are the chief sufferers, for they are condemning themselves gratuitously to the toils of Sisyphus; but no matter; their employer is indirectly a victim, and that steals their courage and nerves their arms. The mere possibility of a trifling of back-shish encourages them to improvise an elaborate comedy on the shortest notice, and all play their parts in it with talent, sense and spirit. To the end of the chapter, and with his growing experience of native nature, Mr. Eden remained at a loss to know how far the stories that were carefully acted for his benefit had any foundation in reality. Going to Egypt prepossessed in favour of the Arabs, he was utterly disillusioned before he left, and with exceedingly good reason. Between Cairo and Alexandria, on the return voyage, Mrs. Eden awoke one morning seriously ill. It was a matter of extreme consequence, if not of life and death, that the invalid should be brought as quickly as possible to Alexandria for medical treatment. Mr. Eden showed his deep anxiety, and, as he remarks, he had always treated his men with exceptional kindness and good-nature. The breeze was favourable, and there was no difficulty about rowing, yet whenever he disappeared into the cabin to attend to his duties as sick-nurse, so surely did the men cease from their labours. Further, "the impatience of the hawager was a point that served to season every joke, and never ceased to produce fits of laughter." To be sure Mr. Eden, dismissing the fond fancy that gratitude may be found in the Arab nature, blames himself at least as much as them. It was his own weakness—the foolish consideration he sometimes showed them, in spite of dear-bought experience—that had spoiled them so thoroughly. Had he only treated them more like dogs, they would probably have served him better in the time of his necessity; but if these are the relations you must preserve with the companions of a cruise of months, it strikes us that it is worth much to retain a dragoman as your intermediary.

When you have to deal not only with your own crew, but with the riparian tribes whose services you may require from time to time; when you do not know a single word of the language; when those you deal with are aware that you must be utterly unfamiliar with the habits and tariff of the country; when at best no bargain can be completed in the East without an interminable wrangle; then we can conceive how, in the most picturesque scenes of the river, your irritability may be excited beyond even the soothing influences of the soft Nubian air. The Sheiks of the Cataracts and their filthy followers took the dahabeah by storm, and the troublesome good-for-nothing crew seemed respectable, honest, and well-behaved by comparison. But all these drawbacks notwithstanding, Mr. and Mrs. Eden found the voyage thoroughly enjoyable. Although the crew remained very much the same to the end, complaints of their shortcomings gradually gave place to raptures over the enchanting climate. The travellers learned to put up with their Arabs as with the other vermin of the country. Only to the reader the perpetually recurring question turns up again. When you do make an expedition at considerable cost into an earthly paradise, would it not be wise policy, if you have the means at all, to leave as many of your earthly troubles as possible behind you at the gates?

Every one has read about the Nile voyage, and many people have made it. It is one of those hackneyed subjects that seem to offer almost insuperable obstacles to any freshness of treatment. Yet Mr. Eden may fairly be congratulated on having written something that should be a useful addition to every dahabeah library. He writes with an entire absence of pretension, and he handles those trifles of everyday life which have the

* *The Nile Without a Dragoman.* By Frederick Eden. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1871.

deepest interest for the visitor to Egypt. We are not sated with highly wrought descriptions of scenery that has been photographed a hundred times over; yet we have quite enough of them to give individuality and interest to the country we are taken over. We are not compelled to drag wearily after our cicerone among ruined temples and desert tombs; nor are we forced to swallow *ad nauseam* pillaged speculations about remote dynasties of the Pharaohs, and wild myths of the Shepherd conquerors. Mr. Eden does not even shrink from the profanity of intimating that, in his opinion, Mr. Murray decidedly overdoes that sort of thing. He seems to think that the traveller might well exchange disquisitions on Cheops or Cambyses for notes on the prices of eggs and poultry in 1871, and the results of his researches have reference mainly to the practical. Not that he confines his remarks by any means to the commissariat, the cuisine, and the balance-sheet of expenses. We cannot at this moment recall any log of a Nile boat that gives a more vivid picture of the chances of shifting winds and the hazards of treacherous currents and storms sweeping down from the mountains. As you read it, you form a very fair estimate of the excitements that break a cruise so apt to degenerate into monotony. You realize exactly the amount of peril in the navigation of the cataracts; you hold your breath in the act of being shot down the rapids, and breathe again when your half waterlogged vessel has cleared the rush and the whirlpools, and floated into deep smooth water. You have a very clear notion of all the amphibious life of the Nile—Arabs, Nubians, crocodiles, buffaloes, &c. You figure to yourself the flotillas of eccentric craft that enliven the water-way, from the gaudy dahabah to the rustic grain-barge. You see the mud banks crumbling visibly into the brown flood, and the river changing its sweep in the fierce rush of the currents. In short, we can recommend the work as giving within moderate compass a suggestive description of the charms, curiosities, dangers, and discomforts of the voyage. If it may not persuade you to dispense with a dragoman, at least it will go far to make your eyes and judgment very independent of his.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MEMOIRS ON THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.—M. JANNET'S
BIBLIOTHÈQUE ELZÉVIRIENNE.
(Second Notice.)

AMONG the most curious and valuable sources of information on the history of France we must notice those innumerable pamphlets and broad-sheets of every kind which the violence of party spirit, or an inveterate taste for satire, has never ceased to produce since the invention of printing. The treasures contained in the Harleian Miscellany or Somers's Collection of Tracts may give our readers a faint idea of what they are to expect if they take the trouble of perusing the ten volumes contributed by M. E. Fournier to the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*, under the title *Variétés historiques et littéraires*.^{*} We do not purpose to review one by one the 268 pieces reprinted in this interesting *recueil*, but we shall enumerate some of the most remarkable, and endeavour to give some idea of the facts or persons with which they are severally connected. We may remark at the outset, that they are all of extremely rare occurrence, and that M. Fournier has gathered the materials of his ten volumes from a number of public libraries and private collections where it would be impossible to find them all preserved in the original editions.

We shall begin with the sixteenth century. All students of history have heard of the famous preachers of the "Ligue" period, who, both on the Protestant side and on the Catholic, contrived to beat the "drum ecclesiastic" with real vigour. Sermon answered sermon, the Conventicle held its own against the Church, and whilst Poltrot de Méré was extolled by the Huguenot preachers as a martyr, Jacques Clément's panegyric sounded like a passage taken from the *Acta Sanctorum*. Yet, however violent the sermons may have been, they were quite equalled in that respect by the pamphlets, and the press was as unscrupulous as the pulpit. The Duchess de Montpensier, for instance, is the subject of a political letter, written with a great deal of spirit,[†] which deserves to be printed as a sequel to the "Satire Ménippée." The author appears to have been an officer of Henri de Navarre's army, for he dates his epistle from *Saint-Denis en France, le 25 d'août MDXC.*, and he denounces in no measured terms all the chiefs of the Ligue, more especially the celebrated sister of the Duke de Guise, whom he calls Jacquette Clément, *princesse boiteuse*. If we believe the historians of the sixteenth century, the encouragements given by the Duchess de Montpensier to the fanatical monk who murdered Henry III. were substantial enough to justify the nickname which our satirist applies to her, and the fact of her being really lame afforded to the anonymous writer a welcome opportunity of alluding to the tottering condition of the woman whom the *Ligueurs* made their mainstay and support.

M. Louis Paris, in the *Cabinet historique* for March 1857, has published a number of documents which the Duchess de Guise brought forward to prove that Admiral Coligny abetted and helped Poltrot de Méré in the murder of her husband. M.

* *Variétés historiques et littéraires; recueil de pièces volantes rares et curieuses en prose et en vers.* Revues et annotées par M. Éd. Fournier. 10 vols. Paris: Jannet.

† *Lettre d'un gentilhomme françois à dame Jacquette Clément, princesse boiteuse de la Ligue.* Vol. 10.

Fournier contributes another important item on the same subject, in the shape of the examination^{*} which Poltrot himself underwent before the Judge Molvaut. The assassin declares clearly that he was indeed led on by Coligny to commit the crime in question; but we must remark that his statements have been impugned even by Catholic writers such as Brantôme and Tavannes. M. Fournier prints in his foot-notes the principal parts of the refutation which Coligny opposed to Poltrot's evidence, and it seems tolerably plain, after all, that the Admiral did not positively authorise or recommend the murder of the great Catholic leader; but he was imprudent enough, on hearing that the deed had been perpetrated, to exclaim, "Je suis pourtant bien ayse de sa mort, car nous y avons perdu un très-dangereux ennemi de notre religion." This sentiment, says Brantôme, was never forgotten by the Catholic party, and cost Coligny his life.

Mary Queen of Scots is undoubtedly one of the most interesting characters of the sixteenth century, and when we consider her relations to the Guise and to the Valois families, we cannot be surprised at her figuring amongst M. Fournier's *Variétés historiques*. The piece we now refer to is an account of the unfortunate Queen's death †, and we find it mentioned by Brunet in his *Manuel du Libraire*, vol. ii. p. 103. The learned bibliograph does not seem to know, however, that the *Discours de la Mort* is nothing but an almost verbatim copy of the despatch which L'Aubespine de Châteauneuf, French ambassador at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, sent to Henry III. a few days after Mary's tragical death—a despatch the original of which is well preserved at the Paris National Library. We need scarcely draw the attention of the reader to the curious fact that we have here a State paper printed either at the command or with the permission of the King of France. Documents of that kind seldom went beyond the walls of the council-room; but the object of Henry III. on this occasion was, of course, to excite the public sympathy in favour of Mary, and to create universal detestation of the Queen of England. The execution of Mary was related and discussed in a number of pamphlets printed in Paris, which show to what an extent the curiosity of the French had been roused by everything calculated to remind them of an ill-fated princess who had once sat upon the *fluer-de-lys*. We know, besides, from contemporary evidence, that Catherine de' Medici and her agents had taken the utmost care to suppress every publication which could be introduced into France by Mary's enemies; and a letter still exists addressed to President de Thou by Catherine herself, ordering him to seize and destroy a French translation of Buchanan's famous book, *De Maria Scotorum Regina*.

We shall take our leave of the sixteenth century with the notice of a document which is one of the earliest manifestoes on the side of the Ligue.[‡] Peace having been concluded in May 1576 between Henry III. and the Huguenots, an edict of pacification, couched in terms very favourable to the latter, was published in Paris. Amongst other advantages, the Prince de Condé, one of the chief Protestant leaders, had obtained the right of occupying the town of Péronne, and M. d'Humières, already closely attached to the House of Lorraine, thus found himself deprived of his government. The Duke de Guise was not slow in taking advantage of this new cause of dissatisfaction, and he sent to the dispossessed governor a copy of the *traité d'union*, which contained the first sketch of the Ligue. D'Humières subscribed it immediately, and his example was followed by most of the nobility and gentry of Picardy. The Royalists felt extremely indignant at this proceeding; they considered it as an act of rebellion against the authority of the King, at whose command the edict of pacification had been promulgated. Then it was that the document now reprinted by M. Fournier was circulated by the adherents of the Lorraine princes; it may be regarded both as the justification of their designs, and as their political programme. Maimbourg, who wrote the history of the *Ligue*, seems to have been acquainted with the paper in question; for he speaks of the influence which D'Humières enjoyed in Picardy, and of the use he made of that influence to oppose the installation of the Prince de Condé at Péronne as governor. We notice that the author of the *Conspiration faite en Picardie*, following the example of the *Ligueurs*, expresses the desire of the French nobility to restore the provinces to the freedom they enjoyed in the day of Clovis. It was the policy of Guise's supporters never to mention the Capetian dynasty as legitimate, but, on the contrary, to represent it as a family of usurpers who had taken possession of the throne to the prejudice of Charles de Lorraine, last inheritor of Charlemagne's rights, and ancestor of the Guises.

The reign of Louis XIII. and the Ministry of Cardinal Richelieu contribute their due share to the papers brought together in the *Variétés historiques*. Cinq-Mars shall be noticed first; certainly not on account of his merit, but because the history of his conspiracy forms the subject of several letters which, after having been very carelessly published by M. Buchon in the *Revue trimestrielle* (No. v.; 199-203), are now reprinted with illustrative notes. These five letters evidently belong to an extensive correspondence carried on between Vineuil and D'Humières. The

* *L'Interrogatoire et Déposition faits à un nommé Jehan de Poltrot, seigneur de Mercy.* Vol. 8.

† *Discours de la Mort de très-haute et très-illustre princesse Madame Marie Stuart, reyne d'Écosse.* 5 vols.

‡ *Conspiration faite en Picardie, sous fausses et meschantes calomnies, contre l'édit de pacification.* Vol. 7.

§ *Lettres de Vineuil à M. d'Humières sur la conspiration de Cinq-Mars.* Vol. 8.

former of these gentlemen occupied some post in the Prince de Condé's household, and figures amongst the personages mentioned by Bussy-Rabutin in the *Histoire amoureuse des Gaules*; his epistles are full of interesting details on the futile attempt made by M. le Grand, as Cinq-Mars was called, to upset the terrible Cardinal.

Notwithstanding all his vigilance, Richelieu could not prevent his enemies from writing satires against him, and from insulting him both in prose and in verse. Some of the pieces which held him up to the execration of France were composed and printed at Paris; the Minister, however, was persuaded that they came from the Netherlands. "Les pièces," says Tallement des Réaux, "qu'on imprimoit à Bruxelles contre lui le chagrinoint terriblement." He might well have been annoyed at the doggerel known under the name *La Milliade*, consisting of a thousand verses which M. Fournier has reprinted from a quarto tract which is now exceedingly scarce. We have seen few satires equaling it in violence; Tallement says that it annoyed Richelieu more than any other; four or five persons were sent to the Bastille on the charge of having composed it; but, according to all probability, it was the production of Louis d'Épinay, abbot of Chartreux in Champagne, and Count d'Estelan. La Porte says so in the most positive manner, and it is rather astonishing that the *cancanier* Tallement des Réaux, whilst referring to D'Épinay's satirical talents, and to his writings against Richelieu, should make no mention whatever of the *Milliade*. The lampoon we are now noticing appeared so good to the *Frondeurs* that they reprinted it in 1652 as a faithful description of Cardinal Mazarin; by altering the proper names and introducing a few additional details they thus compelled D'Épinay's muse to do double service. The voluminous *recueil* of *Mazarinades* to which we referred in a previous article, and of which M. Moreau has given so full a catalogue, contains another *Milliade*† totally different from the present piece.

Most of our readers are aware that the memoirs of Saint-Simon, even in M. Chéruel's excellent edition, are not quite complete. Besides the MSS. papers still preserved at the French Foreign Office, and withheld as yet from publication, a few fragments have found their way from time to time into sundry periodicals, and several letters are also kept amongst the additional MSS. of the British Museum. M. Édouard Fournier has reprinted two of these fragments †, and they ought to appear as indispensable *pièces justificatives* of the first volume of the memoirs. Mentioning the well-known event of the *Journée des Dupes*, Saint-Simon says: "Je ne m'arrêterai point à la fameuse *Journée des Dupes*, où il eut le sort du cardinal de Richelieu entre les mains, parce que je l'ai trouvée toute dans . . . , toute telle que mon père me l'a racontée." Historians were long puzzled by the blank which exists after the word *dans*, and which was the result of an erasure on the original MS.; M. Fournier, however, has supplied the deficiency by the proper name Leclerc; and if we turn to that writer's *Vie d'Armand-Jean, cardinal-duc de Richelieu* (vol. ii. pp. 100-103), we shall find, with the exception of a few particulars, the narrative now given in the *Variétés historiques*. It completes in many respects the statements supplied by other annalists. The second fragment refers to the Italian campaign of 1629.

The civil wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries led, as a natural consequence, to the organization of innumerable bands of marauders and banditti, who under various names scoured France from end to end, sometimes giving themselves out to be the retainers of this or that commander, frequently resorting to no pretext for their acts of plunder and violence. Such were the *Croquants* who during the reign of Henry IV. attacked systematically the governors of the different provinces, and especially the treasurers of the local exchequers. The crimes committed by these highwaymen formed the theme of many a ballad and broadside, some of which have been judiciously preserved in M. Fournier's *recueil*. Thus Captain Guillery, who earned considerable reputation as a warrior in the army of the Duke de Mercœur, and Carrefour, who for a short time served under the Duke de Nevers, were little better than cut-throats. The former was finally taken with sixty-two of his companions §, in the west of France, and put to death at La Rochelle 1608. In 1637, the *Croquants* made a final effort at Bergerac, but were entirely defeated by the Duke de Valette. The broadside printed in the *Variétés historiques* || is a kind of reproduction of a long article, which the *Mercurio françois* gave on another *émeute* made by the *Croquants* in the province of Quercy, when Marshal Théméines obtained a decisive victory over them (June 7, 1624). The etymology of the word *croquant* is doubtful; some deriving it from the supposed fact that the aim of the rebels was to munch up (*croquer*) the people; others tracing it to the *croc*, or hook, which they had transformed into weapons; whilst a third view of the case, and the most probable of the three, brings forward the name of a village in La Marche, called Crocq, where the first outbreak of the rebellion took place.

If the political history of France is illustrated by M. Fournier's

* *Le Gouvernement présent, ou éloge de son Eminence. Satyre, ou la Milliade*. Vol. 9.

† *La Milliade ; ou l'éloge burlesque de Mazarin.*

‡ *La Journée des Dupes. Louis XIII au pas de Suze.* Par le duc de Saint-Simon. Vol. 9.

§ *La Prise et Défaite du capitaine Guillery.* Vol. 1.

|| *La Nouvelle Défaite des Croquants en Quercy.* Par M. le maréchal de Théméines. Vol. 7.

interesting collection, we can also gather from the same source many a curious detail respecting social life, and the manners of the nobility, the bourgeoisie, and the people. All readers of Boileau, for instance, remember that unfortunate François Colletet, whose wretched poetry could not bring him in enough to buy his daily bread, and who used to wander about from kitchen to kitchen in quest of a dinner. About the beginning of the seventeenth century Paris was full of these miserable rhymesters always on the look-out for a patron, and ready to celebrate in a dedicatory epistle every kind of merit, either real or imaginary, at so much per line. Their character is admirably delineated by the anonymous author of the *Histoire du poète Sibus*, and from the evidence thus brought before us we do not gather a very pleasant idea of Grub Street in Paris during the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. Gomez, Civart, the Mytophilacte of Furetière's *Roman bourgeois*, might, if we believe the annalists of *le grand siècle*, have all of them sat for the portrait of Sibus, who could not hold his own against the mountebanks on the Pont-Neuf, and who, on account of his battered clothes, was constantly attacked by the dogs in the streets.

The squib entitled *Le Cochon mitré*† is also full of literary allusions, though the author's object was primarily to attack Le Tellier, Archbishop of Rheims. It is written in the form of a dialogue between Furetière and Scarron. We need not say that the prelate, bad as he was, never disgraced himself to the extent described by the satirist; at any rate he showed his good sense by the way in which he treated the printer who had been bold enough to undertake the publication of *Le Cochon mitré*. The man's name was Godard, and twice already the influence of Le Tellier himself had delivered him from the Bastille; on the prelate reproaching him for his ingratitude, Godard answered that the talent of the satirist had induced him to publish it. Le Tellier immediately asked for the *brochure*, and having heartily laughed over the dialogue between Scarron and Furetière, he said to the printer, "I have not all the faults which are ascribed to me, but send two copies of the work for my private library."

It is worth while knowing how the French were affected by the politics of foreign nations two hundred years ago, and especially what they thought of the revolution which cost Charles I. his throne and his life. The *Variétés historiques* contain on that subject a poetical composition which had become quite a bibliographical rarity before M. Fournier thought of reprinting it. The author is a Normand writer, named David Ferrand, who published also under the title of *Muse normande* a collection of poems in the patois of his country which it is very difficult to procure complete. He terminates his piece with a wish that France and Spain, forgetting their old quarrels, may unite for the purpose of re-establishing the Stuarts on the throne of England. Ferrand, we may observe, was not the only one who suggested this political combination. Olivier Lefèvre d'Ormesson, in his journal edited by M. Chéruel, says: "Si les rois de France et d'Espagne étaient sages, ils devraient faire la paix entre eux, et joindre leurs armes pour rétablir cette famille royale dans son trône." Whilst most of the French pamphlets composed on the death of Charles I. took the Royalist side, and openly pointed out the necessity of putting down the Commonwealth by force of arms, a few, on the contrary, seized the opportunity of reading a lesson to the young King Louis XIV. and to the Queen-Mother §; the one, they said, would probably meet with the fate of Charles I., the other was reminded of the tragical end of Mary Stuart.||

Whilst the French were observing closely what was taking place in England, the English on their part noted carefully the state of politics on the other side of the Channel, and knew all the details of Court life at Versailles. The State Paper Offices both in Paris and in London contain a large number of journals or gazettes sent to the leading statesmen of both countries by confidential agents, and full of the most interesting particulars. The author of the one which M. Fournier has reprinted ¶ was evidently a personage of much importance, enjoying the favour of the English Court, and on terms of intimacy with some of the principal politicians of the day. He says that he took a part in the conference at Münster which led to the Peace of Westphalia, and he expresses himself with a great deal of enthusiasm about Cromwell. The Stuarts, on the other hand, excite his contempt:—"Pour la maison des Stuarts," he says, "en royaume, c'est peu de chose. Charles (II) s'est retiré mal satisfait, car il était dans le dernier mépris." The Duke of York, is represented as being in love with Mademoiselle de Longueville, and wishing to marry her; the Duke de Longueville, however, would not consent to the union, "parce qu'il aurait fallu nourrir le duc d'York."

Amongst the satirical pieces composed on the Court and reign of Louis XIII. we must not forget one entitled *Logemens pour la cour de Louis XIII.***, which also forms part of the famous Elzevirian collection. The merit of the joke, such as it is, consists in the satirical relation of a person's name, rank, or character to the name or sign of the inn where that person is supposed to reside. This kind of *jeu d'esprit* was already

* *Histoire du poète Sibus.* Vol. 7.

† *Le Cochon mitré. Dialogue.* Vol. 6.

‡ *Les Larmes et Complaintes de la Reine d'Angleterre sur la Mort de son Epoux.* Vol. 10.

§ *La France ruinée par les FAVORIS.*

¶ *Lettre d'un fidèle François à la Reine.*

|| *Rapport d'un Affidé de l'Angleterre.* Vol. 10.

** *Logemens pour la cour de Louis XIII.* Vol. 10.

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known during the middle ages; for there exists a soliloquy by Pierre Tassery, entitled *Le Pèlerin passant*, where the pilgrim is supposed to put up sometimes at the "French Crown," sometimes at the "Alençon," or at the "Orléans Arms," according as he seeks for protection within the precincts of the Louvre or in the hôtels of the Dukes d'Alençon or d'Orléans. The piece we are now describing is full of allusions to Richelieu, Condé, Marshal de la Meilleraye, and other well-known characters of the days of Louis XIII. The King himself is supposed to take up his quarters at the "Imperial Eagle"; and as the pamphlet appeared at the time when the Thirty Years' War was raging, this designation is an ingenious compliment intended for His Most Christian Majesty. The author is cautious enough to add, however, that before settling down at *l'Aigle impériale*, Louis XIII. will have to "venir aux mains avec les Allemands qui s'en sont emparés, et qui ne veulent pas quitter prise." Monsieur, Duke d'Orléans, is mentioned as residing at "le Grand Cerf," no doubt on account of his disgraceful conduct. M. Moreau's *Bibliographie des Mazarinades* contains the indication of several squibs written in the same style as the *Logemens pour la cour de Louis XIII.*; for instance, the *Logemens de la cour à Saint-Germain* (1649), the *Fournier d'Estat marquant le logis de chacun selon sa fortune* (1652), and the *Nouveau Fournier de la cour* (same date).

When Charles I. sent the Duke of Buckingham in 1627 to the assistance of the French Protestants, the Duke issued on the 21st of July, the day before his landing in the island of Rhé, a manifesto which explained the motives of the King of England. Cardinal Richelieu did all he could to prevent the circulation of this address; but notwithstanding the vigilance of the French police, it found its way even as far as Paris, and was sold in considerable numbers. The Cardinal then resolved upon having an answer prepared, and he selected for that purpose one of the cleverest authors of the day. We do not know who is the writer concealed under the pseudonym of Francion*, but it is very probable that Richelieu himself had a share in the composition. At any rate the *Réponse au Manifeste anglois* may be looked upon as one of the wittiest French pamphlets published during the seventeenth century, and it deserved a place in the *Variétés historiques*. Francion makes a great deal of the refusal opposed by Charles I. to the desire which his queen naturally had of keeping her Catholic chaplains about her; and he expresses his surprise that so intolerant a monarch should put himself forward as the champion of religious liberty in other countries.

We have thus enumerated a few amongst the historical pieces collected together by M. Fournier for M. Jannet's *Bibliothèque Félibrrière*. In a concluding article we shall notice another important instalment of the same *recueil*.

* *Ménippée de Francion; ou, Réponse au Manifeste anglois.* Vol. 10.

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HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, TOWNSEND HOUSE, Malvern.—Established 1860.—Physician, R. B. GRINDROD, M.D. COMRESSED AIR BATH, a Remedy extensively used on the Continent, and in Malvern at this Establishment during the last Fifteen Years, for Asthma, Bronchial Affections, Lung Disorders, and Cases of Anæmia or General Debility.—Prospectus sent on application.